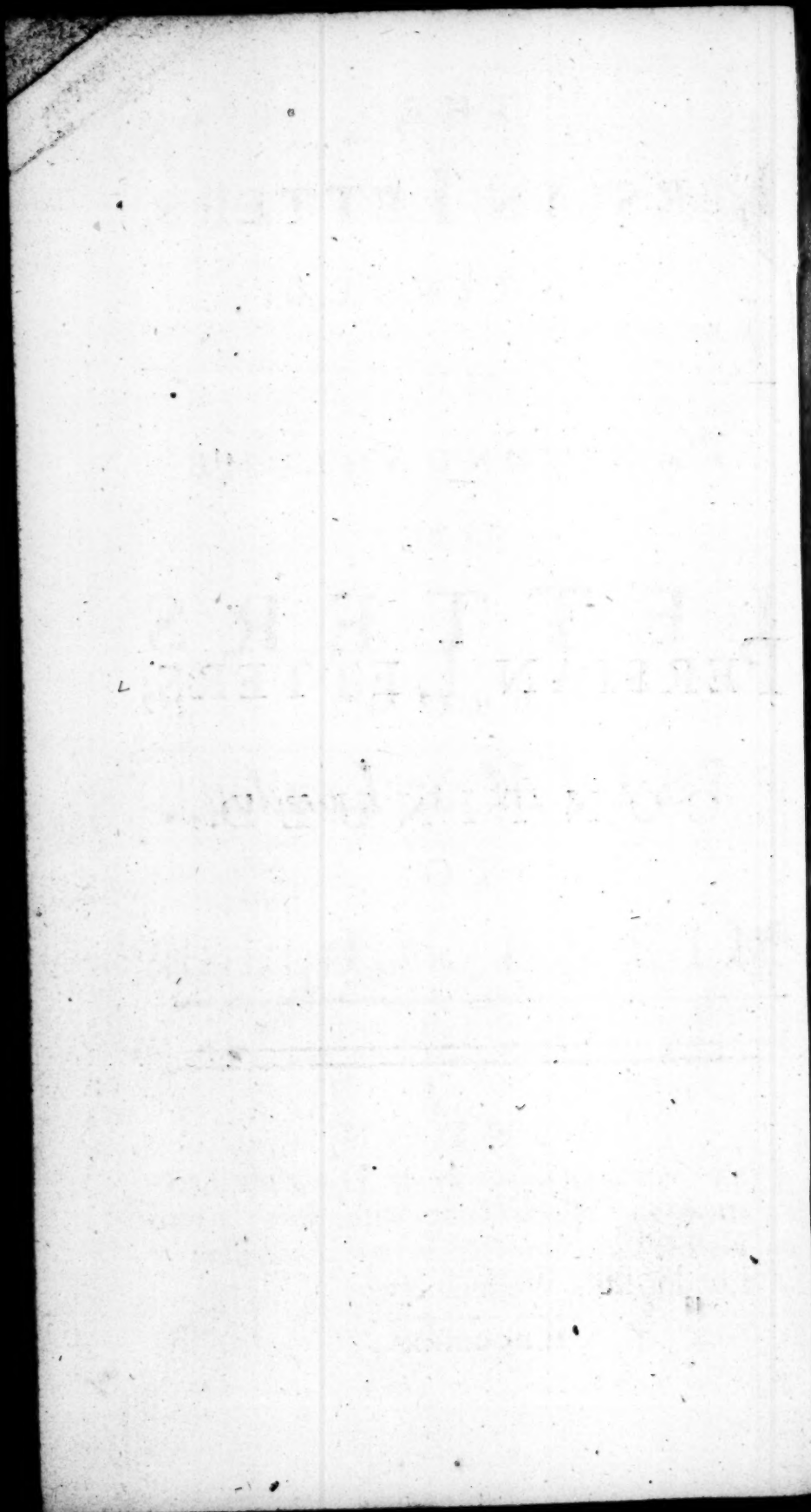

THE
PERSIAN LETTERS,
CONTINUED.



THE
PERSIAN LETTERS,
CONTINUED:

OR,
The SECOND VOLUME
OF
LETTERS
FROM

SELIM at London,
TO
MIRZA at Ispahan.

LONDON:

*Printed for, and sold by E. DAVIS Book-
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[M.DCC.XXXV.]

THE
JOURNAL

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THE JOURNAL

THE JOURNAL

STACK



THE
Translator's Preface.

HE Reader will soon perceive, by perusing the following Sheets, that our *Persian* has chang'd his Stile as well as Sentiments with. Regard to some Things, in the first Volume of Letters, said to have been written by *Selim* at *London*, to *Mirza* at *Ispahan*.

A 2

BUT

ii *The P R E F A C E.*

BUT his Love of *Liberty* still remains, and his Censures upon *Vice* and *Corruption* are not abated, but rather encreas'd: And *Selim*, in this is as much a Friend to the true Interest of *Britain* as in the first Volume.

I am sufficiently aware, that the *English* Reader may object, that the following Letters have neither the Air nor Sentiments of a *Persian*, that they are not written in the Stile of the *East*, nor put in the Dress that a Man of Sense, of that Country, may be suppos'd to have written to his Correspondent at *Ispahan*.

The P R E F A C E. iii

I readily allow, that the Objection is just. But it lies as strongly against the first Volume, as against this second. And if the Translator of the first Volume thought fit to mold his *Persian* after the *European Cut*, I think I have as much Right to new model mine, as my Brother Translator had to fashion his: And when he is pleas'd to shew the Originals from which his were translated, I shall be willing to produce mine.

IN the mean time, as the Translator of the first Volume, made his *Selim* run out of his Wits, to get rid of those Principles of *Arbitrary Power*, in which

iv The PREFACE

which he must have been bred, as a *Persian*, by bending the Stick (and keeping it bent) too much on the other Side; I see no Reason why I may not bring my *Selim* back to his Senses, and let him retain a due Regard for *Monarchy*, without deviating into an Approbation of *Tyranny* and *Arbitrary Power*. And I think I may give his just Censures of corrupt Politicks without making him

*Hate all Kings, and the
Thrones that they sit on.*

WHETHER *Selim* shall be better receiv'd in his first or second Dress, must be left to the Taste of the Town. But whatever Efforts have been made to
debauch

The P R E F A C E. v

debauch the Principles of the People of the present Age, I would fain hope that the Infection is not as yet so universal, as to make the generality of ENGLISH Readers (for whom the following Translation was chiefly design'd) reject the following Sheets, because they endeavour to rescue *lawful Monarchy* out of the Hands of the Mob; and to vindicate the Reputation of some of our Kings, from the false Aspersions, by which the *Republicans* have endeavour'd to bespatter them: And this I shall do, without attempting to encourage *Arbitrary Power*, in the best of Kings, lest we should, in future Ages, be curs'd with a bad one; or, (which is much the same Thing).

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Thing) with a *good King* and a *bad Minister*, if such a Supposition may be made.

Caution

BUT there is one ~~Custom~~ I find necessary to give the Reader, *viz.* That he may not dress up Persons now alive, in the Cloths fitted for some who have been, half a Century and more, dead and gone: Nor by *Innuendo's* make the *Persian* say more than he intended, or I design, by this Translation.

AS to the *Numidian Story*, since *Zelis* design'd it for the Entertainment of the *Persian Ladies*, I thought it might be acceptable to those of *England*, for whom I have a great Regard.
And

The P R E F A C E. vii

And I was the rather prevail'd upon to insert it, among the other Letters, because I have a Translation of it in MS. of above 60 Years Old, from which, finding it agreed exactly with *Zelis's Arabic Copy*, I have given it in the following Sheets. If the *English Ladies* like the Specimen here given, I may, hereafter, take the Pains to transcribe the whole Adventures of *Hyempsal*, altho' I should give up my Correspondence with *Selim*.

IT is not pretended, that these Letters come up to the Spirit of ~~some~~ Eastern Letters written by others, and much less to the most excellent Pieces of the *Turkish Spy*; the Translator had

viii *The* P R E F A C E.

had neither Leisure nor Ability for such a Performance. His chief Design was to give a modest Check to some unnecessary Reflections in the former Volume of *Persian Letters*, and therefore has kept no closer to the *Eastern Stile* than the Translator of the first did. If he shall have Success in this well meant Intention, he will think his Pains well bestow'd; and he declares honestly, that he is as hearty a Lover of *Liberty* as any Man in *Britain*.



L E T-



LETTERS

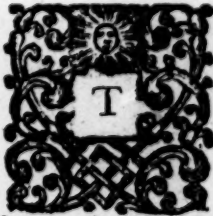
FROM A

PERSIAN *in* London.

LETTER I.

SELIM *at* London, *to* MIRZA *at* Ispahan.

The Reason of SELIM's Stay at London.

HOU wilt be amazed, my dearest *Mirza*, at the first Sight of another Letter from this Place, after I had told thee my fix'd Resolution to leave it, and that the Ship was ready waiting for me to embark: But thy Wonder will soon cease, when thou knowest the Occasion, which, for some Time at least, has prevented my Return to thee and my native Country.

B

IN

IN few Words then I must acquaint thee, That when I had prepared every Thing for my Departure, and had nothing more to do but to take Leave of my valuable Friend *Abdallah*, and the lovely *Zelis*; even whilst I was meditating how to fortify myself against the Weakness naturally incident to such a tender Interview, so that I might not betray myself, nor discover the least Passion for *her* unbecoming the sincere Friendship I had for *him*, I was interrupted with a Message from *Zelis*, to inform me, That *Abdallah* was suddenly seized with a violent and dangerous Sicknes; and that it was their joint Request to see me instantly.

I flew to his House. And there I found my Friend in Bed, and the afflicted *Zelis* attending with some Cordials to support him. No sooner did he see me, but he called me to him, and eagerly grasping my Hand, placed me on the Bed-side: And after having briefly told me the Symptoms of his Malady, and the Means he had used (but with small Hopes) in order to his Recovery, he turned to me, and, raising his Voice a little, bespoke me in Words to this Effect; ' Ah, *Selim*, said he, 'tis not many Moons
' since I had Occasion to leave thee intrusted
' with all that could make this World dear
' to me; my lovely *Zelis*! How honoura-
' bly you discharged yourself of that great
' Trust, is so deeply imprinted on both her
' Heart

Heart and mine, as nothing but Death
can erase out of our grateful Memories.
The Sorrows I had to struggle with, in my
late Voyage, I have already made known
to you: But the Joys your Friendship has
crown'd me with, since my Return, no
Words are sufficient to express. Neither
is this a Time for me to attempt it. I find
my Term of Life is expiring; and I shall
soon leave you again, never to return
more. God, and our Holy Prophet, call
for me; and I willingly resign myself. The
only Thing which would otherwise have
embarrass'd me, I can now take Leave of
with less Reluctance, in full Confidence of
your well tried Virtue and experienced
Friendship. To you, therefore, the best
of Friends, I bequeath the best of Wives.
I need not entreat you to use her well, be-
cause, I'm sure, you are not capable of
doing otherwise. But, since she cannot
now much longer be mine, take her for my
sake, as the last and best Legacy I have to
leave you, as well as for her own Merit,
which you are not a Stranger to: For, in
Comparison of my *Zelis*, all my Jewels,
and Gold, and other Riches (which at the
same Time I bequeath to you with her) I
count as nothing worth your Acceptance.
Then taking us both by the Hand, he saluted
us severally, and joined our Hands together.
After which, his Spirits failing, he reclined
B 2 himself.

himself upon the Bed in Silence : But still holding our Hands together joined in his, and pressing them gently, he with a pleased Countenance, but a broken Accent, uttered these Words, *Hali! Selim! Zelis!* and after some Moments breathed out his last.

IMAGINE now, dear *Mirza*, the different Passions which possessed my Mind. Grief, unfeigned Grief, for the Loss of a worthy Friend! Love for his amiable Relict! and a sympathetic Concern, at the same Time, for the pious Sorrow with which her Heart was overwhelm'd, on Account of that long and sudden Separation! Tho' the tender Sense I had of the unexpected Demise of my Friend made me, for some Time, less sensible of the approaching Happiness of possessing my adored *Zelis*. For, while *Abdallah* was addressing me in the Terms before-mention'd, I considered *her* no otherwise than as a surviving Part of *him*. But, when I saw *he* was no more, I recollected, that I was then to look upon her as *my own*.

AS soon as I had recover'd myself from the first Surprise, I committed her to the Care of her Female Domesticks; not thinking it consistent with Decency to enter upon the Particulars of her dying Husband's Bequest to me. But waiting on her the next Morning, after a Night not spent in thoughtless Sleep, I assured her of my Resolution to take care of every Thing necessary
to

to be done with due Regard to the Remains of our *Abdallah*; entreating her only to be careful of her own Health, and not to suffer herself to be cast down, for what was not in the Power of either of us to foresee or prevent.

THE Manner in which I had behaved towards her, during my former Trust, had so confessedly engaged her, that I did not think my self oblig'd by the strictest Rules of Ceremony and Punctilio. So that after the Obsequies of *Abdallah* were perform'd in the best Manner the Custom of this Country would permit, and she was, in some Measure, restored to her wonted Health, I took Occasion, while we were taking a solitary Walk together in her Garden one Evening, thus to accost her; ‘ *Zelis*, said I, ‘ nothing would induce me to refresh your ‘ Memory with the mournful Solemnity lately past, were it not that otherwise I might ‘ be thought insensible of the great Happiness which our dear *Abdallah* intended me ‘ in his last Legacy. You heard, as well as ‘ I, how affectionately he spent his last ‘ Breath in my Favour: And as the best ‘ Testimony he was able to give me of his ‘ lasting Friendship, how he recommended ‘ to me all that was valuable and dear to ‘ him, even your self; recommended, I say, ‘ because I would rather be oblig’d to ‘ your own free Consent, for my future Happiness,

' piness, than to the Authority of an Hus-
 ' band; tho' you know, how far the Laws
 ' of our Country would enable me to claim
 ' you under that Title. You have already
 ' had some Experience of my great Regard
 ' for you: But I am yet to tell you, that no
 ' sooner had I restor'd you to your *Abdallah*,
 ' after his Return from the *Levant*, but my
 ' Passion for you (which I had religiously
 ' conceal'd even from your self, while I had
 ' you in my Trust)- had almost overpower'd
 ' my Reason. Infomuch that, as well to a-
 ' void any Misunderstanding with my more
 ' happy Friend, as to fly as far as I could
 ' from the Force of your Charms, and there-
 ' by in some Measure secure my self from
 ' the Discovery of my own Weakness, I
 ' had determin'd to hasten my Return to
 ' *Persia*; which Resolution had been ere now
 ' executed, had not *Abdallah's* sudden Sick-
 ' ness prevented me, at the very Time when
 ' I was coming to take my final Leave of
 ' him and you, without giving you the least
 ' Intimation of the true Cause of my so hasty
 ' Departure. But now, since I am at Li-
 ' berty to own my Love for you, give me
 ' Leave to do it freely; and at the same Time
 ' to declare, that without your self, I will
 ' never enjoy any other Part of my departed
 ' Friend's Legacy, (great and generous as it
 ' is.) But make you absolute Mistress and
 ' Disposer of that, your self, and me. This
 ' only

‘ only let me add, That as I cannot live
 ‘ without you, it is in your Breast alone now
 ‘ to pronounce my Doom.’

WHILST I was speaking I could perceive a modest Blush o’erspread her lovely Cheeks: And when I had done, she made me this Reply. ‘ Alas! *Selim*, I know not
 ‘ how to answer you; nor can I remain silent. Had my *Abdallah* died in the *East*,
 ‘ I could willingly attend him in Death, as I
 ‘ have affectionately accompanied him in
 ‘ Life: But since the Customs of the Country
 ‘ where we now are will not permit that, and
 ‘ I am left a Stranger here, I should be utterly
 ‘ unworthy of your esteem, and ungrateful
 ‘ for the many repeated Instances of
 ‘ your Friendship to me and my *Abdallah*,
 ‘ if I should not acknowledge it in such a
 ‘ Manner as to your self shall be most agreeable.
 ‘ I have had too much Experience of
 ‘ your Virtue and Wisdom to suspect your
 ‘ putting a wrong Construction upon my
 ‘ Words, or imputing to Levity what I look
 ‘ upon as the Effect of Duty. Since therefore
 ‘ your Friendship had justly merited
 ‘ more than can be repaid you, and my *Abdallah*
 ‘ (for whose Memory, I know, you have a due
 ‘ Regard) was desirous to pay you all he had,
 ‘ I shall make no Scruple to submit my self
 ‘ wholly to your prudent Conduct, reserving to
 ‘ my self no more than the decent Days of Mourning,
 ‘ customary

8 L E T T E R S *from a*

‘tomary with us on such Occasions, which
‘I’m sure you’ll not deny me.’

HOW much I was transported with this generous Answer of the Woman I love beyond Expression, I leave thee, *Mirza*, to guess: Nor wilt thou wonder, that I have deferr’d my intended Voyage. Nothing now gives any Allay to my Joy, but the Thought, that I must be somewhat longer debarr’d the Pleasure of thy Conversation. However, I shall not neglect to pay thee my wonted Tribute of Letters, till I have the Pleasure of seeing thee again at *Ispahan*, in Company with my lovely *Zelis*.

L E T T E R II.

SELIM *at London, to MIRZA at Ispahan:*

Of the News-Papers.

HAVING lately got acquainted with one whom I take to be a very sincere Man, I took Occasion to talk to him of the Multitude of Papers which are handed about this City, by Way of News.

THOU wouldst be surpris’d to see such a Heap of them as come every Morning to a Coffee-house: Some of them come out every
Day,

Day, others thrice a Week, and several of them only once a Week. I shall not trouble thee with a Character of them all, for the Recital, of the Titles only, would take up the Space of a Letter, and might pass for a Catalogue of a small Library. But as they are (all, but one call'd the *Gazette*, which makes no Noise, as being by Order of the Government) publish'd by private Persons, without any Authority, I shall only mention a Few of them, and those of different Politics.

MY new Friend, in talking upon this Subject, told me, that as there were many Advantages attended the *Liberty of the Press*, so it had its Inconveniences too: For now, said he, every Scribler that has a better Opinion of himself than any Body else has, appears in Print, with a whimsical or plausible Title; and having employ'd a Stalker, to go about and pick up Chit, Chat, or, to glean Scraps of Foreign News, he writes a Letter to himself, under some specious Name, upon any Subject which suits his Inclination best; and then putting in his Gleanings, by Way of Letters from his Correspondents in *France, Spain, Constantinople, or Ispahan*, (altho' he never wrote to, nor received a Letter from any one out of the Bills of Mortality in all his Life) thus furnish'd, out comes a News-Paper, which, to catch the Publick, perhaps for two or three Weeks, may

may have something merry or useful in it, to give it a Name, and then it sinks into Dulness. Of this Kind are most of the vast Number of News-Papers; but then they are supported by Combination of Proprietors, who join Stock with the Author, and employ their different Friends to buy the Paper, or to procure Subscribers for it. And then there comes out a *Puff* (that is to say, a Lye, as my Friend explain'd it to me) giving an Account the Run this Paper has taken, and what a Demand there is for it.

THERE are other Papers upon a better Footing with Regard to Interest: These Papers being written in Favour of the *Administration*, are said not only to be printed at the Charge of a great Man in Power, and sent Free into a great many Hands, but the Authors of them are said to be *liberally rewarded* for the Pains of Compiling them. Some of these are *Daily* Papers, and others *Weekly*. But one may see, by comparing them with themselves, that they are not of a Piece; for they are often put under a Necessity of saying *Ay* and *No*, to the same Thing; which has occasion'd the merry Jest, of another Writer, to be now generally believ'd, that one of those Writers is an *Old Woman*.

BUT there are two *Weekly* Papers, written by Persons of another Stamp and Turn, both of Politicks and Mettle. These two
set

set up for vindicating the *Constitution*, and have expos'd the *Ministerial Writers* with Abundance of Reason and a vast deal of solid Argument. I speak not of their Wit, which is beyond any Thing the others can pretend to.

THEY both shew a due Regard for the Interest of their Country, and, as such, I honour and esteem them. But as I am a Man of Integrity, I must own, that I blame the *Craftsman* (for you know, Signior *Selim*, that is the celebrated Paper, and justly so, for the true Spirit of *Patriotism*, and for standing in the Gap against all Encroachments of all Kinds upon *Liberty* :) nor can I approve of his Censures upon the Family of the *Stuarts*, which I think neither just nor decent: Yet I cannot deny but he has, like a true *Briton*, made a noble Stand against most of the Corruptions of the Times; and he has open'd the Eyes of the Nation to see their own Interest, beyond all that has been written for many Years past. And if those *unnecessary* Reflections, upon that Family, were taken out of that *Journal*, I should own it the completest Collection of Papers in the *English* Language, considering the Times and the Occasion of his writing.

THE Fault I find with him most, is his asserting that King *James I.* his Accession to the Throne is the *Æra* of *Hereditary Right*; he knows, if he will take the *English History*
from

from any other but R—— and B——, two (if they are two) Authors, whom in several Places he seems to despise; and he has too good Sense not to do it, for he says himself he will not warrant them: He knows, That *Hereditary Right* was the *Constitution* of *England*, and the Ground upon which that very Prince, (whom he indecently calls an *Anointed Pedant*) came to enjoy the Crown of *England*. He knows, that *Passive Obedience* was the Doctrine of the Law, as well as the *Church* of *England*, long before any of the *Stuarts* came hither; nor was there a Law made in King *James's* Reign in Favour of kingly Authority, which was not as strongly in Force in the Reigns of his Predecessors; and the Homilies which set that Authority as high as it was afterwards preach'd up, were confirm'd in both Houses of *Convocation*, and then by Act of *Parliament*, in the Reign of his Favourite Queen *Elizabeth*.

I blame his running down the Character of King *Charles I.* in Opposition to Lord *Clarendon's* History (for whom he has express'd every where a just Regard) by the Misrepresentations of *Rapin*, who plainly wrote for Party; and his fixing such odious Characters upon his Family, by the sole Authority of another *Historian* of known Malice to the *Stuart* Race, and whose Veracity no Man in *Britain*, no not the Author of the *Craftsman*, will vouch for. THESE

THESE *Signor Selim* are the Faults I find with that Paper. But I love the Author as he loves *true Liberty*, and as he warns the Nation to guard against *Corruption*, and I heartily wish him good Success in uniting all Parties in the same noble Design of settling the Constitution upon the true solid Basis, of *proper Independency* of one Part of it upon the other.

THE other Weekly Journal, which you know is call'd *Fog's*, has nobly maintain'd *Liberty*, without running into the Excesses which I blame in the other: And as this Paper as well as the *Craftsman* has gone thro' all Britain. And the good Principles of both have been every where well receiv'd, I hope the Excesses of the Latter have been obviated or corrected by the Modesty and good Sense of the Former.

THIS, my Dear *Mirzab*, was the Account my new Friend gave me of the publick Papers; in which I find many of the best Sense agree, and upon comparing the Papers together, I am of his Opinion.

C LETTER

LETTER III.

SELIM *at London, to MIRZA at Ispahan.*

AN Acquaintance of mine lately come hither from *Tunis*, brought over with him the History of one of the Kings of *Numidia*, written in *Arabic*; which having nothing to do with Politicks, of this Country at least, I gave it to my Dear *Zelis* for her Amusement. She was so taken with it, that she will not let me rest, till I send thee a Copy of it for the Use of our *Persian* Ladies. As I have great Deference for her Taste in what she pretends to understand, I was persuaded to read it over, and finding nothing in it which shocks either Virtue or Probability, I consented to her Request, and shall transmit it by Parcels, at a Time, for the Use of thy *Serraglio*.

The History of Hyempfal King of Numidia.

AFTER the Roman Empire began to decline, several Kingdoms, upon the *Mediterranean* Coast of *Africa*, shook off the Yoke, and return'd to their ancient Government.

AMONG

AMONG these, the Kingdom of *Numidia* was one, which acknowledging the right Line of their Kings, who by the *Roman* Tyranny had been deprived of their Right for many Years, set *Hiarbes*, one of the Descendants of *Massanissa*, the Friend of the famous *Scipio*, upon the Throne.

HIARBES was about 35 Years of Age at the Time of his asserting his own Right, and meeting with no Opposition from the *Romans* who had their Hands full of other Enemies, he settled the Kingdom upon such a sure Foundation, that having reigned 25 Years he left a flourishing Kingdom to his Son of the same Name about 23 Years of Age.

UPON the Accession of *Hiarbes* II. to the Throne, he married *Lomirilla* Daughter of *Juba* King of *Mauritania*, who had some Time before follow'd the Example of *Numidia* and recovered the Throne of his Ancestors. *Lomirilla* was a Lady of great Beauty and adorn'd with all the virtuous Qualities, becoming her Birth, so that the *Numidians* thought themselves happy in such a King and Queen. But what made the Joy of that Marriage the more compleat, *Lomirilla*, in a few Years, became the Mother of three hopeful Sons, *Mesanes*, *Juba*, and *Hympsal*, and of a beautiful Daughter call'd *Rosalinda*.

KING *Hiarbes*, during his too short Reign, not only govern'd the Kingdom with a Dexterity which bred universal Applause and Admiration for his singular Wisdom; but shew'd himself a Pattern of all heroical Virtues, so that no Libertine could pretend the Example of his Prince to authorize his Licentiousness, or to strengthen himself in Vice by the Hopes of Impunity. He held the Ballance of Justice with such an equal Hand, distributed the proper Rewards of Virtue and the Punishments of Vice with such Impartiality, as procur'd him Love and Fear, Reverence and Affection from all Ranks and Degrees. For no Body of what Condition sever did any Service to the Crown, or any good Office to the Common Wealth, that could complain that he was neglected, or not rewarded proportionably to his Merit; nor was there any one who had suffer'd the least Violence or Injury from any the least or greatest of his Fellow-Subjects, who had Cause to say that he had a Prince whose Ears were shut against his just Complaints, or that his Wrongs were not speedily redress'd by a full Reparation of the Damages he had sustain'd, and exemplary Punishment of the Offender.

I hope it will not be an unpleasant Digression if I gave a particular Instance, which happen'd towards the Beginning of his Reign, and shew'd at once his consummate Wisdom,
and

and impartial Justice ; and made all his Subjects reverence his Authority, and regard his sacred Person as the Patron of injur'd Virtue, and the Terror of Impiety and Oppression. Thus it was.

THERE liv'd in the Kingdom of *Numidia*, a Gentleman of good Quality, and considerable Estate, named *Zelmanedes*, who had to Wife a beautiful young Lady called *Rothilda*, whose comely Person, agreeable Conversation, and discreet Behaviour, not only secured to her the Affection of her Husband, but made her respected by all who had the Happiness of her Acquaintance.

IT happened that a Gentleman named *Aimander*, a Youth of a comely Personage, and agreeable Humour, who kept a handsome Equipage, altho' he had but a small Fortune, being one of *Zelmanedes*'s familiar Acquaintances, was invited to dine at his House: where looking too frequently upon the Lady *Rothilda*, he finds unawares the Flames of unlawful Desires kindled in his Breast; but so fierce, by his encouraging them, that instead of quenching, he set all his Thoughts at Work how to compass the End of his Desires. So that after his Departure from *Zelmanedes*'s House, he began to contrive how he might find decent Occasions of being a frequent Visitor; whereby he might have an Opportunity to insinuate himself into her good Graces, and so betray her

Honour. After a Multitude of confused Thoughts, he at last fixed upon this, as the best Expedient to accomplish his Design, which was, to ingratiate himself so with *Zelmanedes*, that he should esteem him as one of his best Friends; by which Means he might procure frequent Invitations to his House. Thus *Aimander*, whose Morals you may perceive were none of the strictest, laid his Plot to make the sacred Name of Friendship the Stale to pursue his unlawful Game, and honest *Zelmanedes* himself to be the Pimp to expose his Lady's Chastity to his Temptations, thinking to repay his Civilities with a rich Ornament for his Head.

HAVING laid this Scheme, he pursued it with equal Vigour and Dexterity. For, having easily informed himself of *Zelmanedes's* principal Concerns, and weightiest Affairs, both in Court and Country, where he found any Difficulty occur in any Matter which he had Interest in, he always espoused his Side; and being a Man of an active Spirit, and ready Wit, he so brought it about, that without being solicited by *Zelmanedes*, or taking any Notice to him, that he intended him any Friendship, he, by his Address, and the Interest of his Friends, brought several Matters of doubtful Issue to turn to *Zelmanedes's* Advantage. He was sufficiently aware, that the Interest he took in his Affairs could not long be a Secret to *Zelmanedes* ;

nedes ; and he had taken Care, that the good Offices he did him, from Time to Time, should come to his Ears, without being seen in the Discovery himself, well knowing that a generous Man, as he knew *Zelmanedes* was, would set the greater Value upon the Services he did him, as they seemed to proceed less from Interest or Ostentation. Nor was he mistaken in his Conjecture, for *Zelmanedes* being informed from several Quarters of *Aimander's* Zeal for his Interest, and being sensible of the Fruits of his Pains and Activity, by the prosperous Success of his Affairs, he began to entertain an Affection for him which would have been justly due to him, if his Actions had proceeded from an uncorrupt Generosity, and dis-interested Friendship. *Zelmanedes* therefore took Occasion to shew his grateful Sense of *Aimander's* Services in the highest Terms, and inviting him frequently to his House, *Rothilda*, at her Husband's Desire, and by her own Inclination, received him as *Zelmanedes's* best Friend, and shewed him all the innocent Marks of a real Esteem, and virtuous Friendship ; which *Aimander* improved with so much Art and Address, that *Rothilda*, who had not the least Suspicion of a Snake in the Grass, soon admitted him to all the Freedoms of Conversation, and such a Familiarity, as she thought was due to a Person who had taken such Pains to oblige her Husband,

and

and who in all his Behaviour shewed himself above any little Views of Self-interest.

IN this good Opinion were both *Zelmanedes* and his Lady possessed of *Aimander*, so that they never thought they could sufficiently express their Gratitude to him: He was every Day at their House, where in a little Time he became as it were a Domestic; and being either naturally generous, or, which is more likely, affecting to be so, in order to serve his main Design, he seemed to be as much Master of the House as *Zelmanedes* himself. Nor did *Rotkilda* shew herself any more reserv'd to him than she would to her nearest Relations; she entertained him in the Presence of her Husband with the greatest Freedom, at *Zelmanedes*'s earnest Desire; and when any Occasion called him abroad for a Day, he would send to *Aimander*, to come and divert *Rotkilda* till his Return.

LETTER

L E T T E R IV.

SELIM at London, to MIRZA at Ispahan.

Of some Histories of England.

MY new Friend, whose name is *Liberius*, has both by his Conversation, and by furnishing me with Books upon the Subject of the *English History*, made me alter my Opinion in some Things with regard to the *English Constitution*, particularly during the Administration of the *STUARTS*, I have discover'd that I had been impos'd upon with regard to some Particulars of the History of those Reigns. And as a true Believer ought not to be ashamed to retract an Error, which he has innocently been led into, by such as he believed understood the Constitution of their own Country, I shall frankly tell thee upon what Grounds I represented Matters in a wrong Light (in some of my Letters, not many Moons ago) with respect to the Family of *STUART*, and what Reason I now have to change my Mind.

AMONG the many Histories of *England*, with which the Booksellers Shops are crouded, I observed one had a more than ordinary
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Run, and was bought up by all Sorts of People. By the quick Sale of it, it was natural for a Stranger to conclude, that it was the best of the Kind: And indeed I was so informed by some with whom I conversed. And therefore, having read it carefully over, I gave thee the former Account, from that History, as authentick.

BUT, upon better Information, I find that the Author of that History was not a native of this Country, but of a different *Region, Politicks, and Religion* from the *English*; that he was a *French Refugee*, that is, one who not having been suffer'd to live in his own Country, upon Account of some Principles and Practices, which those People were fond of, not very consistent with the Safety of the Government, had retired to *Holland*, the common *Asylum* for the Refugees of all Nations; where having improved in the Religion and Politicks of the Country, he came into *England* at the *Revolution*, where to justify the Change of Government then made, and to shew that the Lords and Commons in the *Convention* had mistaken the Constitution, with regard to the *Abdication*, this *Frenchman* undertook to write the *History of England*; and altho' neither Lords nor Commons could find a Precedent for what they found themselves, as they said, under a Necessity of doing at that Time, he put it out of Doubt that they did not understand
their

their own Constitution : And by forging some Facts, and misrepresenting others, he shew'd that the People had always been above their Governors, or at least had a Right to be. But I have seen it made appear, that he has, in more than one Place of his Book, misrepresented Facts, contrary to publick Records. And a late learned Searcher into the Archives has, in a printed Paper, shew'd, by one Quotation from him, what a Searcher of Records he was. That Gentleman, in his Proposals for printing a *Collection of Original Letters relating to Q. Elizabeth's Reign*, has a Paragraph of *Rapin's History of England*, in which he says, ' That the Reason why so few Original Papers are to be found of Q. Elizabeth's Reign, is, That her Successor K. James I. took Care to get the Records destroy'd, lest they should have blasted the Reputation of his Mother.'

NOW I myself have seen more Original Papers relating to the Reign of that Queen, than ever were put in the History of any one Reign whatsoever, there being yet extant (unless some of them perish'd in the *Bentleian* Conflagration) Original Letters (almost for every Day of her long and prosperous Reign of 45 Years) to and from her or her Ministers to all the Courts in *Europe*. And those authentick Papers, not lock'd up from publick View, nor hard to be come at, but
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to be seen in the publick Archives, where they may be copied, by a Licence from the Government, which is not refused upon any honest Occasion.

BUT even this History, as I am credibly informed, is no farther the *Frenchman's* than to the Beginning of the Troubles of King *Charles I.* (if so far;) but the subsequent Part of it, which goes under his Name, was compiled, under the Direction of a Fellow, who having taken Sanctuary in *Holland*, after he had been obliged to run his own Country, not for building of Churches, getting some Part of *Rapin's* Papers from him, published them, as far as they went; but some Misunderstanding having happened between them, so that he would give him no more Copy, the Publisher got his History made out, from other Memoirs, to the *Restoration*. But from that Time, it appears plainly to be copied from a Posthumous History under a great Name, but one who had the ill Luck in his Life-time, to be taxed with a violent Inclination to L—g. This great Man had been once a great Stickler for Arbitrary Power, and Unlimited Non-resistance, under no less Penalty than Damnation; but being disappointed in his View of rising in that Way, by some other Draw-backs on his Character, changed Sides, and enter'd into the Cabals of the *Republican* Party; and being found out, retired to *Holland*, where he

he afterwards had no small Hand in bringing about the *Glorious Revolution*, by which he made amends for all the Errors he had formerly been engaged in. But they who did not like him, printed shrewd Letters, taxing him publicly with notorious Prevarication both with God and Man, in bringing about that blessed Event. Many of those Papers I have seen, and have been assured that he never gave any Answer to them, as knowing that the Authors could prove every Word they said, by living Witnesses of good Credit. But since his History came abroad, a noble Lord, whose Veracity in relating Matters of Fact I never heard doubted, after having spent 37 Pages in shewing Falsehoods in his History, has made the following Remark.

‘ THE Bishop’s Hearsays are indeed in
 ‘ most Cases very doubtful. His History is a
 ‘ Collection of little else but *such a one told*
 ‘ *such a one, and such a one told me.* This
 ‘ Sort of Testimony is allow’d in no Case;
 ‘ nor can the least Certainty be built upon
 ‘ Stories handed about from one to another;
 ‘ which must necessarily alter in the several
 ‘ Repetitions by different Persons. I shall
 ‘ then conclude with one Observation only,
 ‘ upon the most important *Hearsay* in his
 ‘ whole Book, upon which the Credit of the
 ‘ rest may depend.

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‘ His

‘ His Lordship had it from Mr. Henley, who had it from the Dutchess of Portsmouth, that K. CHARLES the Second was poisoned. It was my Fortune to be residing at Paris when this History was published: Such a Particular was too remarkable not to raise my Curiosity: The Dutchess was then likewise at Paris: I employed a Person who had the Honour to be intimate with her Grace, to enquire from her own Mouth into the Truth of this Passage. Her Reply was this, *That she recollected no Acquaintance with Mr. Henley; but she remembered well Dr. Burnet, and his Character: That the King and the Duke, and the whole Court, look’d upon him as the greatest Liar upon the Face of the Earth, and there was no believing one Word that he said.**’

THIS Lord, who was the most courteous Man alive, disclaims giving that Character of the Bishop, as his own, out of Regard to his Cloth.

THESE, my Dear *Mirza*, are the Histories from which all the scandalous Reflections upon the Family of the STUARTS are borrow’d, and which no Body believes but a Set of People who hate Monarchy, and long to see Cheesemongers and Fishmongers at the Head of the Commonwealth, after the *Dutch* Mode. But my Friend assures me it will ne-

* See Lord *Lansdown’s* Works in 4to, p. 496.

ver go down with the *English*; and indeed it seems to be against the Genius of this Country.

L E T T E R V.

SELIM *at* London, *to* MIRZA *at* Ispahan.

The Numidian History continu'd.

I N this Manner they liv'd for some Time, and *Aimander* having taken all imaginable Pains to oblige the Lady in all the little Commissions and Services in which he had officiously engag'd himself to please her, she thought herself as much bound to him for his Civilities to her, as for his Friendship to her Husband. But *Aimander*, whose Passion was considerably enflam'd by the Charms of *Rothilda's* Conversation, and by the innocent Marks of her Esteem, burn'd with Impatience to discover his Mind; and being pretty confident that her Discretion would restrain her from discovering his Love, to *Zelmanedes*, altho' she did not reward it according to his Desire, he resolv'd to break the Silence he had so long kept, and to let her know the true Source of all his officious Kindness. And therefore, being one Day

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alone

alone with her in the Parlour, *Zelmanedes* being abroad about some Business, which he told them would take him up all the Day, *Rothilda* having in a very obliging Manner thank'd *Aimander* for some Favour he had lately done her Husband, and extol'd his generous Friendship with those Praises she thought justly due to it; *Aimander*, not to let slip so fair an Opportunity of discovering his Passion, having first beheld her a while with Eyes flaming with Lust, spoke in these Words.

IS it possible, Madam, that a Lady of your Sense and Penetration can not have found out in all this Time, that all those Offices which you are pleas'd so highly to prize, proceeded from a nobler Cause than Friendship to *Zelmanedes*; and altho' I have hitherto kept the Passion which consumes me a Secret from all others, can it be, that the lovely Authress of it has not read it in my Eyes? Yes, beautiful *Rothilda*! you must know that *Aimander* dies for you, and if I have done any Thing to serve *Zelmanedes*, he owes me no Thanks for it, since I never consider'd him in any Action of my Life, but as an Instrument to procure me this Opportunity to tell the fair *Rothilda*, that I die for Love of her——*Aimander* would have gone on, and was preparing by a Torrent of passionate Expressions to allay that Anger which was visible in her Eyes: And perhaps the Surprise

prise his Words had put her in might have given him Time to have said more, if she had not quickly recollected herself, and interrupting him first, by a Look mix'd with Anger and Shame, she thus stop'd the farther Progress of his Discourse. What Levity, *Aimander*, have you ever observ'd in me, whereupon to build this Confidence to attack my Honour in this base Manner. If you have taken Advantage of my civil and obliging Behaviour towards you, whilst I thought you a Friend to *Zelmanedes*, that you have thence form'd to yourself an Idea of me to the Prejudice of my Virtue, I shall take care, for the future, to behave myself after such a Manner towards you, as shall convince you of your Mistake. In the mean time I would have you to know, that I have that Reverence for the Gods, who see all our Actions, that I hope I shall never bring myself under their Displeasure by such an Impiety as I blush to think of, much more to perpetrate. I have too much Love for a kind Husband, to entertain a Thought of betraying his Honour to your unlawful Desires. And I must tell you farther, tho' by this Attempt you seem to think otherwise, that I have that Regard for my own Honour, that I would scorn to be what I disdain to name, even to the King of *Numidia*, if he should make the same Attempt upon my Virtue that *Aimander* has. As long as I thought your good

Offices proceeded from a dis-interested Friendship to *Zelmanedes*, I valu'd your Person, and was ready to shew my Gratitude by all the Ways that Virtue could authorize; but now that I hear from your own Mouth, altho' I never suspected it before, that the Favours you did to *Zelmanedes* were so many Snares laid for the Chastity of *Rothilda*, they have lost their Merit with me, upon the Account of the base Principle from which they came. Wherefore, *Aimander*, cease from this Impiety against the Gods, from such base Attempts against my Honour, and such treacherous and dishonest Designs against *Zelmanedes*, for whom you have profess'd such Friendship, and who is very sincere in his to you. If you will divest yourself of your carnal Desires, which you dignify with the Name of Love, and return to true Friendship and Honour, you shall always find in me such Affection as may satisfy a Friend; but if you persist in your unjust Design of endeavouring to lessen in my Heart the sincere Love I bear to my dear *Zelmanedes*, I shall soon take a Course to free myself from your Importunity, and shall hate and detest the Man who persists in a Design to ruin my Virtue.

AIMANDER, altho' stung to the Heart with this sharp Repulse, was going to reply; but *Rothilda*, who wisely consider'd that parlying with an Enemy was dangerous, gave him

him no Opportunity, but calling for her Maid, and pretending some Business in another Part of the House, left her unjust Lover to lament the ill Success of his unworthy Attempt. Altho' his own Virtue was drown'd in the Sink of his licentious Desires, yet he could not but admire the Virtue of *Rothilda*; but that Admiration serv'd only to enflame his Breast the more; and as a Diamond is of the greater Value the harder it is to be broken, the greater Difficulty he found in conquering *Rothilda*, the more he esteem'd her; and was resolv'd, now that he had discover'd his Passion, to gain the Conquest, or to perish in the Attempt. But *Rothilda* carried Matters so, that she gave him no Opportunity of being alone with her, altho', in *Zelmanedes's* Presence, she behav'd to him after the former Manner, being unwilling to breed a Quarrel between them; which she knew would be unavoidable if she should discover *Aimander's* Folly.

SOME Time pass'd before he could have any Access to her, and she manag'd herself so discreetly, that without any one's knowing the Reason, except *Aimander* himself, she took Care to have always some or other with her whilst he was in the House. But it happen'd one Day, as *Zelmanedes*, *Rothilda*, and *Aimander* were together in an Arbour of the Garden, that a Servant came to tell *Zelmanedes* that a certain Person wanted to
speak

speak with him, upon which he left them, desiring his Lady, after his usual Manner, to entertain his Friend till he return'd. *Rothilda* was vex'd at being so caught, but being a Lady of great Discretion, she judg'd it was better to risk hearing the Impertinence of *Aimander*, than to disturb the Quiet of her Husband, by raising a Suspicion in his Mind by her refusing to stay with his profess'd Friend till his Return, resolving at the same Time to treat him in such a Manner, if he spoke to her of his Passion, as should take from him all Hope of Success, and for ever silence him upon that Subject.

Zelmanedes was no sooner gone, but *Aimander*, who had long desir'd so favourable an Opportunity, address'd himself to her in the most passionate Manner; but she gave him no Time to say any more than *Divine Rothilda*—when casting a furious Look at him, and rising from her Seat, Base Man, said she, cease to defile my Ears with thy beastly Lust; nor expect that any Thing thy Tongue can utter can atone for the Rottenness of thy Heart; it is too much that I have once had the Shame to hear thy impudent Declaration; but if thou art not lost to all Sense of thy own Safety, as thou art void of Honour and Virtue, trouble me no more with thy shameful Eloquence, nor think to avoid the Punishment due to thy perfidious Abuse of the Friendship of one of the most virtuous of thy

thy Sex, when I shall be forced to discover to my dear *Zelmanedes* what a treacherous Friend he has of the wicked *Aimander*. As she utter'd these Words she was going to retire; but *Aimander*, who by her Care to shun him, and by his Knowledge of her Virtue, had laid a new Plan for accomplishing his wicked Design, stopping her Passage with great Respect, gave her to understand that she had mistaken his Purpose. He own'd indeed that he had a most violent Passion for her, but that the Trouble he felt for being under her Displeasure, had made him long for an Opportunity to beg Pardon for the Injury he had done both to her and *Zelmanedes*, and that his Design in the Speech which she had interrupted was, to have express'd his Repentance for it, and to assure her, as he now did, that he would never say any Thing to her which might offend her; and as he esteem'd her infinitely the more for her Virtue, he would endeavour to imitate her in the Practice of it, and if he could not get the better of his Love, he promis'd faithfully that it should never produce any Effects that might disturb the Quiet either of her or *Zelmanedes*, provided that she would forgive him, and live with him after the same Manner she had done before the Declaration, which had so justly offended her.

ROTHILDA, who was a Lady of a sweet Disposition, hearing *Aimander* speak in this Manner,

Manner, and not suspecting any wicked Design, had the Goodness to beg his Pardon for the sharp Words she had us'd towards him, and promis'd him the same Friendship as formerly, upon the Conditions he himself had laid down. And thus after several Protestations of his inviolable Observation of what was then agreed upon, by the Time that *Zelmanedes* return'd, *Rothilda's* Mind was at Ease, and she liv'd with *Aimander*, as if he had never disobliged her; and he having a new Plot in view, kept strictly to the Terms propos'd, so that he seem'd to have got the better of his unjust Passion, and *Rothilda* forgot intirely her Resentment.

LETTER VI.

To HOULI MOLLACK, *one of the Holy Ministers of the Tomb of the great Prophet.*

On Religion.

WHAT I wrote thee, venerable *Mollack!* some Moons ago, that the true Religion was by Degrees introducing itself among these Infidels, I can now with great Pleasure and more Certainty, give thee ground to believe. The great Obstacle
which

which hinder'd the *English* hitherto from being true *Mussulmen*, was their Reverence for *Jesus Christ*, whose Life and Miracles we likewise have great Regard for, next to those of *Mahomet*, our great Prophet. But that Respect for *Christ* is wearing off apace. Wouldst thou believe it, *Holy Servant of the venerable Tomb*, there is scarce a Week passies without some scandalous Pamphlet against their *Messiah*. And which is more pleasing to me, as I know it will be to thee likewise, many of the *Priests* of that Religion laugh at the Veneration paid to him, and tho' they are oblig'd to pray to him in the stated Worship of their Mosques, yet when they come to those Parts of it which relate to *Jesus Christ*, they run them over in such haste, or mutter them so inarticulately, that all the Audience may plainly perceive they make a Jest of the Doctrine to which they have solemnly sworn. And one great Advantage those *Priests* have above others, is, that they are much in Favour with some great Ladies of the Kingdom, especially such as set up for *Polite Learning*. Thou wouldst be surpris'd to see with what Assurance those Ladies of Quality, and from them, their Male and Female Attendants, speak of what the *Church of England* in former Days believ'd to be *profound Mysteries*; and with what Eagerness they stuff their Libraries with Books and Pamphlets, written professedly against the

the *Christian Religion*. Nor are these Books handed about privately, but sold in the Stationers and Pamphlet Shops, and *publickly advertised* in their News-Papers. And if any one is so zealous for their Religion, as to prosecute any Author for such Blasphemies, their Books go off the better for it; the Authors give Bail for their Appearance, and during the Trial, put out a third or fourth Edition of their Books, which have gone through innumerable Hands in Town and Country, before they are called to Account for them; and when they are prosecuted, instead of being punished, as the Laws of the Country seem to direct, they are allow'd to plead their infamous Cause before the Courts of Justice; and it is ten to one, but by some Querk of Law, or some out of the way Explanation, the Author is acquitted. Or if he is cast, he is not debar'd of Liberty to write another Book or Pamphlet, during his Confinement, in Vindication of that which has been condemn'd.

THESE Books and Pamphlets against the Church of *England* make Way for our Prophet's Religion; and our holy *Alcoran* is not so ill spoken of here as formerly; and I have seen a good large Book in Vindication of our holy Prophet and his Doctrine, which has not been ill received, and a fine Edition of the *Alcoran* is published, and dedicated to a great Lord. I wish, venerable *Mollack*, that thou wouldst

wouldst send me some Memoirs in Vindication of our Religion, for I could safely publish them here, and the Novelty of them would make them go current, after I had got them put in an *English* Dress. For I have observed, that any Book, altho' ever so stupid, which boldly attacks the very Foundation of Christianity, has a prodigious Run in this great City; whereas any thing in the Defence of it must be published at the Author's Charge, and lies neglected on a Bookseller's Stall, till some Tobacconist or Grocer buys the Sheets by the Pound, to wrap his Goods in.

I am extremely pleased to think that there is a considerable Combination against the Christian Religion in favour of ours, and that some People of Figure are at the Bottom of it; for instead of exerting themselves in Defence of Christianity, thou might'st see the whole Clergy at once employ'd (to turn the Scent) in full Cry against *Rome*, which by all the Observation I can make, is far from being the most dangerous Enemy the Church of *England* has to contend with at present. But let the Unbelievers, of one and the other Church, deal Blows at one another in the dark, whilst we Musulmen wait a fair Opportunity to propagate the Truth by Means of their Divisions. For altho' our holy Religion is chiefly to be maintained by the Sword, yet surely we are not forbidden

to introduce it by other Means, till we have an Opportunity of doing it by Force. I wish therefore, holy *Mollack*, that some Missionaries were sent into *England*, to instruct such as have already thrown aside Christ and his Doctrine (which are a great Number) and I wish it may be done soon, lest the schismatick *Turks* should get the Start of us, and reduce this noble Island under their Dominion.

L E T T E R VII.

SELIM at London, to MIRZA at Ispahan.

Continuation of the Numidian History.

BUT *Aimander*, in whose Breast Lust had quite stifled all the Sparks of Virtue, being still more inflam'd with *Rothilda's* Beauty, and her Honour and Piety making him despair of Success as long as *Zelmanedes* was alive; his unbridled Passion made him deaf to all Sense of Goodness, so that he was resolv'd to take him out of the Way as the only Obstruction to his Happiness. And therefore as soon as he found that his Behaviour for some Months had confirm'd *Rothilda* in her Opinion of the Reality of his pretended Repentance,

pentance, having thought of a fit Instrument for his Purpose, he contrives the Manner of the Assassination.

THE Person who was to be employ'd in this dark Mischief was one *Lupero*, who had been Groom to *Aimander's* Father, and was then a Broker at *Bona*, a Town at some Distance. He was a bold Fellow, and of a ready Wit; but what made him the fitter for *Aimander's* Purpose was, That Gain was the only Measure of his Conscience. *Aimander* sending for this Fellow, after some kind Expressions, told him he had an Affair to be done which requir'd Courage and Dexterity in the Execution, and therefore having known him to be such as he wanted, he had sent for him, and if he would undertake it, he would reward him in such a Manner as he should be under no Necessity to drudge for his Subsistence all his Life after. *Lupero*, tickled with the Prospect of Gain, answer'd, Sir, you shall have no Reason to repent your having made Choice of me to serve you; for I have such Respect for the worthy Son of my old Master, that I will perform your Commands whatever they are; for you know that I do not want Resolution, and I assure your Honour that my Conscience was never strait-laced. Well then, said *Aimander*, I will trust you with a Secret which no Mortal yet knows but myself. Know then, Dear *Lupero*, that I am so des-

perately in Love with *Zelmanedes's* Lady, that without enjoying her I cannot live. I have try'd all the Ways which my Wit or Passion could invent to gain her Consent, but to no Purpose; for she is so plaguy virtuous, that whilst her Husband is alive I cannot be happy. Say then, *Lupero*, shall *Zelmanedes* die or *Aimander*? Let the Furies seize *Zelmanedes*, said *Lupero*, so that my noble Master *Aimander* may live and be happy. And wilt thou perform this Service for me, said *Aimander*? And have I sufficient to reward thee for doing a Thing upon which all the Satisfaction of my Life depends? Never fear the Execution of it, replied the Villain; but because there is Danger of one hand's failing in the Attempt, and that two are better than one, there is an intimate Acquaintance of mine at *Bona*, whom I can engage in the Affair, and whom the Hope of Reward will easily prevail upon to undertake the most daring Enterprize. *Aimander* pleas'd to see his Design so cordially taken in hand, having sworn him to Secrecy, and given him Money as in earnest of a greater Reward, dismiss'd him for that Time, bidding him bring his Friend along with him as soon as possible to his House.

IN the mean time, *Aimander* was frequently at *Zelmanedes's* House, and liv'd with him and his Lady like a Brother, and having as much as possible even restrain'd his
Looks

Looks from giving Offence to *Rothilda*, she was perfectly satisfy'd of his being intirely cur'd of his unjust Passion, at which she was not a little pleas'd. Few Days past after the Departure of *Lupero*, till he return'd to *Aimander* with one *Veraglio*, an Inhabitant likewise of *Bona*, a fit Companion for the other, and both worthy Servants for such a Master. The bloody Bargain was soon concluded. *Aimander* told them that he would, as usual, go to *Zelmanedes's* House, and send them Notice when to come.

ZELMANEDES us'd to lye in a cool Apartment in his Garden during the hottest Season of the Year, of which *Aimander* had inform'd the Assassins, and they had together laid the Plot to murder him as he pass thro' the Garden to go to Bed. *Aimander* therefore having staid with *Zelmanedes* all Night, had engag'd him in some Accounts which he knew would take up all the next Day; but after Dinner he pretended to get ready to go Home, being to go to *Bona* the next Day; with two Citizens of that Town, who were to call at his House to go along with him. But at *Zelmanedes's* earrest Entreaty he suffer'd himself to be prevail'd upon to stay that Night to help him in the Accounts he was about; but said, he was oblig'd to write a Letter to the Citizens of *Bona* whom he had left at his House; and so retiring to his Chamber he wrote the following Letter.

To Lupero and Veraglio.

I burn with Impatience to inherit the Joys which I hope to possess by your Courages alone; about the Twilight of this Night come to the Skirt of the Wood, adjoining to Z——s's Garden, and when it is dark, you may enter the Postern Gate, which I shall take Care you may find open: Between the House and the Summer Apartment, in the East End of the Garden, where I told you Z——s lies, there is a thick Arbour, in which you may conceal yourselves till he passes that Way, where I expect your Stiletto's shall lay him asleep before he reach his Bed. Your quick but sure Dispatch shall eternally oblige

AIMANDER.

HAVING seal'd this Letter, he call'd for his Servant, and in Presence of *Zelmanedes* and *Rothilda*, bad him carry it to his House, and deliver it to the Citizens of *Bona*, that they might not wait for him. And then *Zelmanedes* and he spent the rest of the Afternoon, in the Closet of the former, and the Evening with *Rothilda*. When it was Time to retire, *Zelmanedes* fearing no Assassins, after he had convey'd his perfidious Friend to his Chamber, leaving his Lady in her Closet (as was her Custom) to follow him

him to Bed after she was undrest, walk'd thro' the Garden to his Apartment, a Boy having gone before him with two Candles, but at such a Distance, that he was enter'd the Door of the Summer Parlour, when the unhappy Gentleman reach'd the Arbour; where he no sooner came, but the bloody Villains who had but too well observ'd their Instructions, rushing out upon him, sheath'd their murdering Poniards, the one in his Reins, and the other in his Breast, so that he fell down dead with a few Groans, but had not Time so much as to cry out: And, as soon as they had done their Work, they made their Escape thro' the Postern, and so to their Horses, which they had ty'd to a Tree in the Wood.

THE Poy hearing the Groans of his Master, and the Noise of the Assassins as they run off, rais'd a terrible Cry, at which *Rothilda* and the Family taking the Alarm, came into the Garden with Torches and Candles. But O ye Gods! what was *Rothilda's* Surprize when she beheld her dear Husband breathless and bath'd in his own Blood, her Grief was too strong to be express'd in Words, so that only saying *My dear Zelmanedes*, she fell in a Swoon upon the Body.

L E T

 LETTER VIII.

SELIM *at* London *to* MIRZAH *at* Ispahan.

Of Liberty.

IT is the merriest Thing, my dear *Mir-zah*, to hear these Infidels talk of Liberty, by which they seem to me to mean no more than a Licence to be impertinent and insolent. Should a Couple of Raggamuffians carrying an empty Chair, meet a Gentleman in the Street, they will joggle him out of the Way; and if there happens to be but one clean Place to cross in, those Scoundrels will contend for it, and, if they can, will rather oblige the others to step in to the Kennel, than dirty their own Shoes; altho' they are paid for making themselves Horses, and if any Gentleman offers to contend with them, they use him like Footmen, and if he should cane them for their Insolence, 'tis ten to one if they dont call some of their Brethren to their Assistance, and roll him in the Kennel; telling him, *this is a Country of Liberty*. Or, if they have none of their own Gang near, and that the Gentleman knocks them down, before they get

get out their Poles to serve him so, they immediately clap an Action of Assault and Battery, as it is call'd in their Law, and, if they did not strike first, however, insolent they were with their Tongues, it costs him a round Sum to shew the Liberty of the Subject. A thousand Instances of this Kind of Liberty they have here in *England*.

BUT, it must be own'd, that in those august Assemblies of Lords and Commons, (which is here, as thou knowest, call'd *The Parliament*,) *Liberty* rides *Triumphant*. For, every Member in either House has Leave to speak his Mind, and give his Vote as he will, and they administer Justice with the greatest Impartiality: Of which I will give thee one Instance in each House.

IN the northern Part of this Island, sixteen Peers are elected out of the whole Peerage, to represent them in the House of Lords. Those sixteen sit with those of *England*, who are hereditary Members of the House of Lords. So that the House of Lords is made up of three Sorts of Members, viz. The *English Peers*, who are hereditary Members, The *English Bishops*, who are Members for Life, and the sixteen *Scotch Peers*, who are newly elected every Parliament.

NOT many Moons ago, a considerable Number of *Scotch Peers* pretending that there was undue Influence, used at the Election.

tion of the sixteen, and that not only Money was given for bribing some, but that a military Force was us'd to over-aw others who refus'd to take Money; upon this Pretence, petition'd to be heard at the Bar of the House, where they offer'd to prove the Things alledg'd. That August Assembly, to shew their Regard for *Liberty*, altho' the first Minister, or some of his best Friends were suppos'd to be meant in the Petition of the Lords, would not reject the Petition, (as they might have done by a Vote, without reading it,) but allow'd it to be read; and three several Days were spent in debating whether the Lords Petitioners should be allow'd to appear, and prove what they assert'd; in which Debate, some Bishops display'd their Eloquence most gloriously in the Negative. Nor was the Petition thrown out without great Deliberation, and good substantial Reasons for it.

AND as a glorious Instance of the Justice of that Assembly, one of the protesting Peers having deserted the Lords Petitioners (to make a Merit as his Enemies suggested with the Majority, in Order to gain a Cause of Civil Right depending before the House) lost his Cause and his Party together. An evident Demonstration that Party does not Influence that House, whatever the Petitioners or Protesters may insinuate to the Contrary.

ANOTHER

ANOTHER no less glorious Instance of the same Nature past in the *House of Commons*, the Magistrates of a Corporation preferr'd a Petition, shewing that they had been arrested in their own Corporation, during their Magistracy, and, in a most arbitrary Manner, convey'd to a distant Jail, and there kept in Custody by a Warrant from a single Judge, against Law and Justice. The *honourable Commons*, altho the Judge who sign'd the Warrant was known to be a staunch Friend to the *first Minister*, did not throw out this Petition, but voted that it should be folded up, and laid upon the Table. This, was putting a Stigma upon the Authors and Abettors of Injustice. It is true that there is a Minority in both Houses; who were for treating both these Petitions in another Manner, but they are a sort of angry People, who fancy their Liberty to be in Danger, because there are some who are more complaisant, or more in Favour with the *Minister* than they are.

HOW different are both *both Houses of Parliament*, from what they are said to have been in former Times. I have been told that not many Reigns ago, altho' I am not sure of the precise Time, the *House of Lords* were call'd a *Pack'd Jury* by one of their own Number. It was then said that every Vote past there, by the Influence of the *Court Pensioners*. That the *Bishops* and the sixteen *elected Peers* carry'd all before them
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in Hopes of preferment, and for present Pay; and that, in the House of *Commons*, Persons were allow'd to sit tho' the Return was against all the Rules of Law and Justice. That in hearing Petitions concerning Elections, five often appeared to be less than two, and fifteen a greater Number than fifty. But in the present Administration nothing can be freer than Elections. The first Minister himself was a strenuous Promoter of the glorious Bill against *Bribery* and *Corruption*, and has often solemnly sworn that he neither gives, nor receives Money for Elections. The *Peers*, who sit by hereditary Right, have no Temptation to give a Vote, but according to their *Consequence*, because it is not in the Power of the Crown to deprive them of their Seat in the House. The sixteen *elected Peers* are all Men of such opulent Fortunes, and such untainted Honour, that they would scorn a Bribe; and as for the Bishops, there certainly never was such a Set in *England*, at least since the Nation threw off its Dependence upon *Rome*. How is it possible then that here can be *Corruption*? So that when People talk of *Corruption* in *England*, it is only among the *Vintners* who spoil their Wine, the *Booksellers* who ruin Learning, the *Smuglers* who hurt Trade, and the young *Beaux*, who dress themselves like Footmen to sneak in to other Mens Wives and Daughters.

LETTER

LETTER IX.

SELIM at London, to MIRZA at Ispahan.

Continuation of the Numidian History.

NEVER was seen greater Confusion among such a Number of People, no-body knowing what to do or what to say. *Zelmanedes* is found dead, but whom to blame for the Murder, or of whom to seek Revenge they could not tell. The Traytors are unknown, and the Night which convey'd them off hinders both Search and Pursuit. But among all the Mourners for *Zelmanedes's* deplorable Fate, no-body seem'd to have greater Concern than *Aimander*. And considering the good Correspondence that seem'd to be between them, his Tears were not by any-body suspected to be like those of a Crocodile. However, as he well knew which Way the Assassins were gone, he endeavour'd to increase the Confusion, and to hinder the taking the Advice of the wiser Servants, who propos'd to send out some on Horseback in search of the Murderers, till he might reasonably conjecture they were out of reach.

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IN

IN the mean Time *Aimander* took Care to get *Rothilda* carried to her Chamber, where he left her to the Care of her Women, and order'd the Body of *Zelmanedes* to be carried to the Parlour, till his Friends should be acquainted with his Murder, and the necessary Orders should be given for his Funeral.

AS soon as *Rothilda* came to herself the Remembrance of her present deplorable Condition return'd with her Senses. It was then that she bemoan'd her Loss in the most dismal Manner. O my dear *Zelmanedes*! cry'd she in a Torrent of Tears, how art thou snatch'd from thy miserable *Rothilda*? O ye Gods! Ye divine Powers! What is my Guilt, that you are so cruel to me? What Crimes have thus arm'd you against me to rob me of the Joy of my Life, the Light of my Eyes, and my only Comfort? Or if I am guilty, why did you not shoot the Arrows of your Vengeance against my devoted Breast, and spare the innocent *Zelmanedes*. And, if we were both guilty, Why, O ye just Powers! did you not strike us both together, that I might have dy'd in his Bosom, and gone to the Shades below in the Arms of my dear *Zelmanedes*. But, both Gods and Men were witnesses of thy Innocence, and yet thy precious Life is made a Prey to barbarous Murderers! How could you countenance such a cruel Murder, ye Powers! How
could

could you strengthen the Hands of such execrable Villains! Why did ye suffer them to succeed in such a bloody Design! Why did not your Terrors seize them, or your Lightnings consume them, as they unsheathed their Weapons to murder my dear *Zelmanedes*! O my dear *Zelmanedes*! shall that lovely Mouth never speak one kind Word more to thy dear *Rothilda*! Shall never those Eyes give one smiling Glance more to cherish thy wretched *Rothilda*! Shall those cold Hands never more lovingly stroak my Cheeks, nor those now lifeless Arms ever again press me to thy beloved Breast. Comfortless *Rothilda*! thy *Zelmanedes* is gone, and, with him, all my Joy, all my Delight.

IN these and such like Complaints did this poor Lady employ many Days and Nights, both before, and after the Funeral, which was performed with great Solemnity, and with the universal Sorrow of all that had known him, but none shew'd upon that Occasion more Signs of Grief than he who was the Author of it.

IT was a long Time before he thought of playing the rest of his Game; for he knew too well the steady Virtue of *Rothilda*, and her Regard to her Husband's Memory, as well as her strict Observance of the Rules of Decency, to risk the Disobliging her by an unseasonable Motion of a second Marriage; so that, altho' he went frequent-

ly to visit her, and was well received, as the Friend of *Zelmanedes*, yet he never offered, during the Space of a whole Year, to speak to her of his Passion. But after Time had worn out the first Impression of Grief, and that she might without any Reflection to her Honour, submit to a second Courtship, he let her understand, that altho' he had forbore to entertain her with any Discourse of his Passion all that while, it was only the Fear of Displeasing her that had made him silent, but that his Love was no Way lessened, and therefore, now that she was at Liberty to receive his Addresses, he hop'd his having been the sincere Friend of *Zelmanedes* would be no Obstacle to his Pretensions.

ROTHILDA at first received this new Declaration with Grief, as renewing the Memory of her Husband, but *Aimander* being a Man of good Address, and having artfully insinuated himself into the good Liking of such Relations as *Rothilda* consulted in all her Affairs of Consequence, by his own Importunity, and their Advice, she was prevailed upon to listen to his Proposal of Marriage, and in some Time after it was solemnized in due Form. And so *Aimander* got Possession of his beloved *Rothilda*, and with her, of *Zelmanedes*'s Estate, which he had bequeathed, by a Will found in his Closet, to his beloved Wife failing Heirs of his

his own Body. So that *Aimander* was at the Top of his Wishes, and thought himself in the Haven of his Felicity, and indeed, had he come honestly by such a Wife, and such an Estate, it might have been said that he was, what every Body believed him to be, a happy Man.

BUT Joys built upon the Basis of Iniquity are never solid, and where the Foundation is laid in shedding innocent Blood, the Superstructure cannot be of long Continuance; For, altho' the Eye of Mortals cannot dive into it, the Eye of Heaven sees, and the Ears of the Gods are open to the Cry of Blood, and the revenging Hand of Justice is sent from above to ruin those tottering Towers of human Greatness, which bloody Hands have reared for themselves; as will soon appear in the Case of *Aimander*.

SCARCE had he lived a Year with his beloved *Rothilda*, when his unbridled Lust (scorning to confine itself within the narrow Limits of the Marriage-Bed,) began to run out after a young Damsel called *Diana*, Daughter to one *Baldar*, who had been a Tenant to *Zelmanedes*, and now held his Farm under *Aimander*. This Girl often coming to the Lady *Rothilda*, *Aimander* took such a Fancy to, that he was resolved to enjoy her, which made him at first colder in his Behaviour to *Rothilda*, and by Degrees to slight and neglect her, and at last, to her ex-

ceeding Trouble and Sorrow, she perceived, by his morose sullen Behaviour towards her, that he was weary of her, which to a Wife who truly loves her Husband, is a most grievous Affliction. However so it was, that *Aimander* was now become as much enamour'd of *Diana* as he had been before of *Rothilda*; and hoping that the Meanness of her Birth, the Poorness of her Education, and the Narrowness of her Father's Fortune might make her an easy Prey to his Lust, he set himself about making a Conquest of *Diana* as an Affair which would only cost him a few Visits, and a little Money. But he quickly found he had made a false Calculation, and that Virtue may be found in a simple Farmer's House as well as in a Prince's Palace; and in his Conversation with that simple Girl he soon perceiv'd that altho' her Turn of Phrase was not so polite, yet she knew well the Difference between Virtue and Vice; and tho' perhaps she knew no other Sense of the Word *Honour*, but to make use of it as a Term to call the Landlord by, yet she had as great Regard for her *Honesty*, as the best Lady about the Court, and was resolv'd to preserve her good Name as the only Jewel she had. So that, altho' *Aimander* made several Visits to the House of *Baldar*, and told many pretty Love Stories to *Diana*, and made many advantageous Offers both to the Father and Daughter, he met with

with nothing from either but Respect, and greater Distance than pleas'd him; but when he made his Addresses to *Diana*, telling her how much he lov'd her, she told him, that she was glad to see his Honour so merrily dispos'd; but she was not such a Fool as to think there was any Comparison between herself and the sweet Lady *Rothilda*; and when, with many Oaths and Protestations, he endeavour'd to convince her that he lov'd her a thousand Degrees above his Lady, *Diana* reply'd, the more's the pity, our good Master *Zelmanedes* lov'd her above all the Women in the World, and she deserves the Love of a Prince if she were married to him. But when *Aimander* offer'd to force a Kiss from her, as he did sometimes whether she would or not, she got from him as soon as she could, telling him that she was an honest Girl altho' her Father was poor, and that as she might expect, in Time, to be married to her own equal, she was resolv'd not to impose a crack'd Vessel upon her Husband; and therefore altho' she had always shew'd him Respect as her Father's Master, she beg'd his Pardon if she refus'd to become his Whore, and therefore with Tears beg'd of him not to ruin her Reputation by his Visits to her Father's Cabin, where every one must judge he could not come for any good Design.

THUS

THUS did this honest Wench resist all his enticing Words, and altho' her Father out of Respect was forced to accept some Presents *Aimander* made him, yet when he offer'd her any Toys; she refus'd them as not suitable to her Condition; and if *Baldar* was oblig'd to receive any thing from him for her, she would never take it, nor wear any Thing about her that came from him. Many Attempts he made to debauch her, but she baffled all his Contrivances, and would never stay alone with him, so that he found greater Difficulty than he had imagin'd to attain his wicked Purpose.

BUT having given loose Reins to his Lust, he resolv'd to have by Force, what neither his Eloquence nor Bribes could procure: And so having convey'd himself into a Hedge between his own House and that of *Baldar*, he sent a Servant in *Rothilda's* Name, to desire *Diana* to come to her about some pretended Business, ordering him to say that his Lady pray'd her to come because she wanted the Business to be done before his Master return'd from *Bona*. The poor Girl, having a great Respect for her Lady, bade the Servant return Home, and she would follow him quickly, which she did as soon as she had dress'd herself. But when she arriv'd at the Place where *Aimander* lay in ambush for her, he started out of the Hedge, and catching her in his Arms, in spite of all the Resistance she

she could make, and notwithstanding her loud Cries, he ravish'd from her what he had so long endeavour'd to obtain by Flattery, and having satisfy'd his Lust, he return'd to his own House, leaving poor *Diana* to bewail the Loss of her Virginity with Tears and Imprecations against the unjust Ravisher.

L E T T E R X.

SELIM *at* London, *to* MIRZA *at* Ispahan.

Of Dress.

ALTHO' the Custom of this Country with Regard to Dress, is very different from ours in *Persia*, yet when one comes to be acquainted with it, it seems decent enough, only that the Infidel Women have more Airs than ours, as being indulged in greater Liberties; altho' I cannot say, but the Ladies of Fashion are decent enough in their Way, and behave themselves with a becoming Modesty.

BUT there is a Custom which has of late obtained among the young Fellows of the Age, that will give thee a strange Idea of the rising Generation. As this Island is near
to.

to *France*, and that *France* is reckoned the Academy of all Politeness, the young Nobility and Gentry go thither for their Education; and I can easily believe, that spending some Time there, for a young Gentleman, would be of use to him: But then he ought either to have Discretion enough to govern himself, or to have a Tutor with him, to lead him through the Tour of that gay Kingdom, and to point out the Advantages he may receive by his Conversation in the *beau Monde*, but at the same Time to warn him against the Trifle and whip'd Sillabub which abound there.

BUT, it is the Misfortune of the *English* that the greatest Peer (I should have said Peerefs of the Realm, for they are generally the Chusers of Tutors for their Sons) rather pitches upon a *French* Refugee, who is of a considerable *French* Family when he comes to *England*, and has lost a great Estate in *France*, *pour la Religion*, altho' it is ten to one but his Father was a Porter or a Footman; and this polite Gentleman, having learned in his own Country to dance, which is natural to the whole Kingdom even in Wooden Shoes, and to murder the poor Word *Honour* three or four times in a Sentence, which is frequently done in *France* between two Footmen: This polite Person being recommended to my Lady, by her Trewoman, or *Madam la Gouvernante* to the young

young Ladies, (both which are excellent Judges) is the Person sent to have the Inspection of the young Lord, or young Master's Education. And thus they set out together to travel. The Result of which is, that the whole Time they stay in *France* is taken up in learning the Language, to cheat at Quadrille, prate *double Entendre*, shew Monkey Tricks, dress fantastically, and imitate a *French Petit Maitre*, who is ridiculous in his own Country, but much more so when he is aped by an *Englishman*; and after staying a Year or two in *France*, my Lord or Master comes home a Coxcomb, who perhaps went abroad tolerably well, if he had come into good Hands.

THAT this is the Case with a great many of the young Gentlemen of this Country, thou wilt perceive, my dear *Mirza*, by the following Adventure.

I went some Days ago to the *Park*, all alone, not doubting but to meet some Friend or other of either Sex, in that Place, which is the common Rendevouz of the best Company in Town before Dinner. I had not walked many Paces before I encounter'd three Ladies of great Quality, whom I knew by Sight. They were accompanied by four young sprightly Footmen, whose Liveries I knew were not those of the Families to which the Ladies belonged: Nor were the Footmen following as Attendants, but walking
Cheek

Check by Joll with the Ladies. They were dressed in white short Waist-coats, much alike, above which was their Livery Coat of Green, hanging loose, but the Linings of different Colours, as if they belonged to different Families, whose Coats of Arms denote the several Colours of the Footmen and other Servants: Their Stockings were white, and Shoes without Heels, as the running Footmen use. Their Hair was tied upon the Crown of their Heads, over which they wore a little Hat almost like a *Persian* Bonnet, which they only touch in saluting those they meet, who pull off their Hats to them; with a Stick in their Hands as long as themselves; which is the Badge likewise of running Footmen, whom they exactly mimick'd in their Gait: The only Difference I observed between them and the other Footmen I had seen before, was, that their Linnen seemed to be of the finest; but I conjectured, they had got in with their Master's Laundress, and borrowed a Shirt and Neck-cloth a-piece, upon that particular Occasion. But I could not imagine the Reason why the Ladies would expose themselves, in that publick Place, by conversing with Footmen. I therefore kept a little behind, to hear the Conversation, till I should meet with some Acquaintance to explain the Riddle. I soon found their Discourse was concerning the Opera, and I heard one of the pretty Sparks say

say to a Lady who was next him ; ‘ Wa’n’t
‘ your La’ship charm’d with that last pa-
‘ thetic Song which *Farinello* sung, with such
‘ an Air, last Night.’ ‘ Indeed, my Lord,
‘ (replied she) I was ravished with the dear
‘ Creature, and called out *encore* when he
‘ had done ; but see the dull Taste of this
‘ abominable Town, I was almost alone in
‘ the Admiration of that charming Air,
‘ whereas two or three Ladies on each Side
‘ of me *encored* several little Jigs which he
‘ had sung before, and got half the House
‘ to join with them.’ I was so surpris’d to
hear the Lady call that Monkey *my Lord*,
that I stop’d short, so that they soon got out
of my hearing ; and I should have believed
that her Ladyship had called him by his
Master’s Title, but that a Friend of mine,
coming up to me, and finding me in an Amaze-
ment I could not get over, ‘ Signior *Selim*,
‘ said he, you look as if one of the fair La-
‘ dies, who pass’d me just now, had shot a
‘ Dart from her lovely Eyes to the Heart of
‘ my *Persian* Friend. Indeed, Sir, replied I,
‘ you find me in a great Consternation, not at
‘ the Beauty of the Ladies, altho’ that de-
‘ serves a Panegyric ; but at their exposing
‘ their Dignity in this publick Place, to con-
‘ verse with Footmen, who altho’ they be-
‘ longed to the King, as I know they do not
‘ by the Colour of the Livery, I should have
‘ thought Ladies of their Quality would have
G ‘ chosen

' chosen some more retired Place to have
 ' entertained them in, even altho' they had
 ' been in Love with them.' At this my
 Friend fell a laughing, and turning about to
 follow them, ' Have you, said he, been so
 ' long in *London*, and mistake those Gentle-
 ' men for Footmen? He on the left with his
 ' green Frock lined with red is the Duke of
 ' ———'s Brother, and the next to him is
 ' the Lord ———, one of the Peers of the
 ' Realm, and one who speaks often in the
 ' House of Lords. The other two are Offi-
 ' cers of Rank in the Army. As to the
 ' Noblemen, said I, they may do as they
 ' please, for since you have no distinguishing
 ' Marks to know your Nobility by, from
 ' others of inferior Rank, who have the Va-
 ' nity of going as richly dress'd as their
 ' Lordships, perhaps the Lords have agreed
 ' to change Habits with their Footmen, as
 ' thinking it may in Time become a Fashion,
 ' which their Inferiors will not strive to imi-
 ' tate them in; but I am surpris'd that Offi-
 ' cers should give into it.' We had some
 other Conversation upon this Subject, when
 we saw the same extraordinary Gang retire
 to the Side of the *Mall*, and going all into
 their several Chairs which waited for them,
 they left us to adjourn to some other Place.
 My Friend and I, having taken a Turn or
 two, retired likewise to our several Homes.

O, my

O, my dear *Mirza*, if the *Turk's* Armies were led by such Monkeys, as those Officers seemed to be, the *Persians* would have little Difficulty and less Honour in defeating them, and I might soon have the Pleasure of seeing my Friend at *Constantinople* instead of *Ispahan*.

LETTER XI.

SELIM at London, to MIRZA at Ispahan.

The Numidian History continu'd.

THE abus'd *Diana*, not knowing what to do, staid some Time in the Place where she had been so barbarously treated; but at last, considering that her Father was best able to advise her what Course to take, she went Home, and calling her Father and Mother aside, told them with Tears and Sobs her unhappy Disaster. It is easy to imagine the Grief which the poor Father and Mother felt at the recital of the dismal Story. But as the Injury could not be repair'd by fruitless Tears, *Balda* immediately took his Journey to *Cirta*, where the King kept his Court, with an Intention to represent his own and his Daughter's Wrong to *Hiarbes*,

of whose Justice and humble Condescension to hear the Complaints of his Subjects, he had heard so much Talk.

AS soon as he arriv'd at *Cirta*, he inform'd himself of the Manner of being introduced to the Court, and having been told that he must apply to one of the Secretaries of State, the Master of the Inn where he set up, finding him a plain honest Man, offer'd to go with him to *Harismal*, for whom he had done several Offices in his own way, and so was well known to him.

BALDAR accepted his kind Proposal, and was carried by him to the Secretary, to whom in his blunt Manner, he made his Cause known, begging of him to give him an Opportunity of representing the Matter to his good King, who he was sure would do him Justice against his wicked Landlord. *Harismal* knowing how highly the King would resent such a Villany, and being a Friend to *Aimander*, told *Baldar*, with all the Art of a Courtier, that his Case was indeed very hard, and such as the King would take much to Heart: But that it was fit it were represented to his Majesty by a Person who could dress it up in the Rhetorick of the Court, and set it in a clear Light with all the aggravating Circumstances attending it. That, for his own Part, he was so mov'd at the singularity of the Injustice he had met with from *Aimander*, that if he would trust him

him to be his Solicitor to the King, he would manage the Matter so with his Majesty, that he should soon have full Satisfaction for the Injury he had receiv'd, and publick Justice should pursue that audacious Criminal for a Terror to others.

POOR *Baldar*, deluded with such specious Promises, and Shews of Friendship, from so great a Man, thought himself the happiest Man in the World, in such a Friend; and therefore giving Thanks to *Harismal*, in the best Terms which his honest Heart, and his home Education could dictate to him, committed his Affair to his Management, and retir'd to his Lodging, upon *Harismal's* promising to send for him as soon as he should find a proper Opportunity of laying his Case before the King.

IN the mean Time, *Harismal* dispatch'd a Messenger to *Aimander*, to warn him of his Danger, and advising him to fall upon some Method either to make up the Matter with the Boor, or to put him out of a Capacity of prosecuting him, promising to bar his Access to the King, till he heard from him. *Aimander* startled at *Baldar's* Proceeding, and dreading the known Justice of the King's Nature, wrote to *Harismal* to put *Baldar* off with fair Words, till he should be obliged to leave *Cirta* for want of Money: And when he return'd to his own House, he would take such a Course as should put it out of his

Power to carry on any Sute against him with any Hopes of Success.

BALDAR having staid at *Cirta* with great Impatience for two Weeks without any Message from *Harismal*, thought it Time to pay him a second Visit. But when he came to his House, his Servants, by their Master's Instructions, accosted him in a most friendly Manner, and told him that their Master was now busy with the King, but had order'd them to make much of him, in Case he should come at such a Time when himself was not at Leisure to speak to him; and so taking the poor Man into the Cellar, and giving him some of their Lord's Wine, they dismiss'd him with Civilities he was not accusom'd to. Another Week having past without hearing from *Harismal*, *Baldar* went again to his House, and being admitted to him, was told, that he had laid his Case before the King, which his Majesty had taken so heinously, that he had vow'd to punish *Aimander* in such an exemplary Manner, that he should be a Scar-crow to all *Numidia*. But that, at present, the King was so engag'd in Affairs of great Importance, that he could not proceed in his Business for some Time, and therefore *Harismal* advis'd him not to stay at *Cirta*, which must be chargeable, but to go Home, and depend upon his sending for him, when the King could be at Leisure; but withal he told him that the King had expressly

pressly charg'd him not to prosecute *Aimander* in any inferiour Court, because his Majesty would hear the Cause try'd himself.

BALDAR did not like such Delay, and told *Harismal*, that he intended to take the first Opportunity of the King's coming abroad, as he was inform'd he did every Day, and then he would throw himself at his Feet, and beg Justice. *Harismal*, knowing how easy it would be for *Baldar* to accomplish his Design, if he attempted it, us'd many Arguments to dissuade him from it; and having promis'd in a Month's Time to send for him, got him persuaded to return Home. But he was no sooner return'd, than *Aimander* issu'd an Order to all his Tenants who had had Leases from *Zelmanedes*, to produce their Leases before his Steward, that he might bring them to him to confirm them: And a Day being appointed for that Purpose, as *Baldar* was going to the Place, he was set upon by Ruffians, Emissaries of *Aimander*, who having beaten him, robb'd him of his Lease, of which *Aimander* taking the Advantage, threw him forcibly out of his Farm.

THIS new Insult carried *Baldar* back to his pretended Patron *Harismal*, who affected a great Astonishment at his repeated Injury, but withal told him that Things had taken another Face at Court, than they had when he was last at *Cirta*; that *Aimander's* Friends were more in Credit than his, so that the
King

King himself inclin'd to favour him, being misled by some who were in great Trust about him: And therefore, as he was a poor Man, and like to be undone by the strong Interest of *Aimander*, his Advice was that he should stifle the Story of his Daughter's Rape, upon Condition that *Aimander* would receive him to Favour and renew his Lease. *Baldar*, altho' in Danger of being ruin'd by Oppression, was too honest not to reject this Proposal with Disdain; and therefore answer'd him in a blunt but generous Manner, 'Curfed be that Favour and that Possession 'which I should purchase at the Price of my 'poor Girl's Honesty. If this be a Favour, 'it is such as Highway-men shew in sparing 'a Man's Life after they have robb'd him of 'his Money. No, my Lord, if I can not 'purchase my Right to my Lease which I 'was plunder'd of by my Landlord's Contrivance, without compounding away the 'ravishing my Daughter, I shall give up 'both rather than be quiet under the greater 'Injury to have Redress in the lesser. But I 'hope we have a King, whose Justice is open 'to the Poor as well as the Rich; and therefore I am resolv'd to go to his Majesty, let 'what will follow upon it."

HARISMAL finding him positive in this Resolution, and knowing his own Danger if he had an Opportunity of discovering his Dissimulation, order'd some of his People to turn

turn him out of Doors, and not only to threaten him if he return'd, but to keep a Watch upon him that he might not be seen in any Place where the King might be spoken to. Thus was poor *Baldar* forced to go Home, cursing all Courts as Sanctuaries for Wickedness, and all Courtiers as Dissemblers, who by fair Speeches, keep the oppress'd from Justice, and under the Colour of Friendship cut People's Throats. But the Justice of Heaven was open to the Cry of the Poor, and *Aimander's* Wickedness was discover'd in a very unexpected Manner, as will appear in the Sequel of the Story.

L E T T E R X I I .

SELIM *at* London, *to* MIRZA *at* Ispahan.

Of Parties.

I FORMERLY told thee of the different Names of *Whig* and *Tory*, and gave some Account of their different Principles, but it was a very lame one. I have since informed myself better. My new Friend tells me, a Whig is one who believes all Government to have been originally in the People, and consequently that Magistrates of all Denominations,

minations, as *Kings, Consuls, Stadtholders, &c.* are accountable to the *People*, and may be *deposed, banished, or hanged, for Male-administration.* They say that in *England* there was an *original Contract* at the first Institution of kingly Government here, by which the *Kings* promised to govern under such *Limitations*, and the *People* promised to obey under such *Conditions*; and as the King can by *Law* punish Offenders who act against the Government, so the *People* have a *Right* and therefore ought to have the *Power* to call the King to *Account* for invading their Property, and breaking the *original Contract.* And that *Allegiance* and *Protection* being reciprocal, when the King does against *Law*, or without *Law*, exact their *Obedience*, they are *ipso facto* absolved from their *Allegiance*; and may send a score of *Kings* a packing one after another, without having any *Remorse* of *Conscience* about the *Matter.*

BUT they acknowledge that there was a time when this was not the *Law* in *England*, but that it was declared by *Parliament*, that the King was *supreme* and *uncontroulable.* But then they say that this was a villanous *Encroachment* upon the *Liberties* of the *People*, and a departing from the *original Contract*, and common *Sense*; and that this was done (as I told thee before) by a Set of *Time-serving Priests* under the Government of the
Stuarts,

Stuarts, who to engratiate themselves with that *arbitrary Family*, preached up the *Jure Divino*, *hereditary Right* of Kings, and brought the People by Degrees into their Scheme: For which Cause the *Whigs* have hated both *Kings* and *Priests* ever since. This I take to be the short Description of a *Whig*; altho' some of this way of thinking and reasoning, when they get into Power under a King, never stick at preaching up the *regal Authority* as high as those *Priests* are said to have done; but by the King's Authority in such a Situation they only mean *their own*, which it is natural for all Men in Power to advance.

THE *Tories*, on the other hand, believe that the deriving the *Original* of Government from the *People*, is *Nonsense* in Reasoning, and *false* in Fact. For it makes the People give Powers which they never were possessed of. For Instance, no Man having Power over his own Life, all the Men of the Nation could not give Power of any one Man's Life to the Government. For as a celebrated **Whig*, whom they depend upon as the Oracle of their Scheme, says, 'That every Individual at first must have given his Consent to the first Contract, or else no-body could oblige him to it.' This the *Tory* says is impracticable; and if it were true,

* Mr. Locke.

could

could give the Government *no Right* or *Power* over Life. And therefore they contend, that the *Origin* of Government took its Being from the same Fountain as our Natures did: That the same Creator who sent Man into the World, instituted Government as necessary to his being happy in it. And as he alone has originally Power over the Life of Man, so none else could derive the *Power* of the *Sword* to the civil Magistrate. And this they pretend has been universally handed down by Tradition through all Nations, and is plainly taught in what they look upon to be the *Book* of GOD, which both thou and I have Regard for. They alledge, that placing the *first Spring* of Government in the *People*, is thrusting the supreme *Alla* out of the Government of the World, and making a Jest of Providence; making Nonsense and Lies of all those Places of the *Book* of GOD, which declare that he is the great King of Kings, that all other Kings govern by and for him, which can never be common Sense, nor have any Truth in them, upon the *Whig* Scheme. Besides, they desire the *Whigs* to shew them when or where that original Contract was made, or any Time when the Government of *England* was not monarchical, altho' several Alterations have been made in it.

ANOTHER Thing they tax the *Whigs* with, is a Misrepresentation of the *Constitution*,

tion, by pretending that the *three Estates* of the Kingdom are the *King, Lords, and Commons*; whereas the *three Estates* are, by all the Law Books, the *Lords Spiritual and Temporal*, and the *Commons*; the *King* being never reckoned among the *States*. Nor can it be said that this was only the Language during the Reigns of the arbitrary *STUARTS*, for it was the known Form, long before any of that Family sat upon the *English Throne*; nay, after they were thrust from it. For in the first Act of *William and Mary*, after King *James's* Abdication, there are these Words, according to the common Form: *Whereas the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, assembled at Westminster, ——— representing all the Estates of the People of this Realm, &c.* which shews, that the *King* was never reckoned one of the *States*, but was above them all, as their *Sovereign and Head*.

AND as to the Priests since the *Stuart* Family came in, they say, It is a poor falsifying of History, and forging of Facts, to blacken that Race to whom many of the *Whigs* have been beholding for all they have in the World. That before the *Stuarts* came in, the *Power* of the *Kings* of *England* was as much preached up as it was in their time. That the Articles of Religion, and one of the Books of Homilies, which preach up the regal Power in high Terms, were composed,

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and

and another Book of Homilies was authorised, in the Reign of that celebrated Queen, whom they *deify* purely to *cast Dirt* upon her Successors. And that if any in her time had dared to mention the *Power* of the *People* in *making* or *unmaking* *Kings*, she would have taught them whose Power she had.

THEY alledge, in Consequence of this Doctrine, that Obedience is due to the Government for Conscience sake, and that nobody can be a Christian without it.

BUT then they and the *Whigs* differ widely in another Point, *viz.* Who has a Title to their Allegiance? The latter make no difference as to Right, but as they were the People who destroyed the Monarchy in 41, they submitted to *Oliver Cromwell* as long as they liked him; and would *turn out* any King they did not like, as they would have done King *Charles II.* if he had not been too many for them. But the *Tories* say, That *Rebellion* is not lawful, and that *Oliver Cromwell* was an *Usurper*, and therefore, if they had lived in those Days, they would have taken Arms against him, and either have prevented his *Usurpation*, or have tumbled him down from his *unjust Power*.

IT is true, as I have been informed, that there are some who object to the *Validity* of the *Revolution* upon the *Tory Principle*; and tax the present Establishment as *unlawful*,
upon

upon the footing of the Laws of *England*; but as the Bishops and the Bulk of the *Tory* Clergy have got over their Scruples of that Kind, and there are but a few who are so strait laced, as to give over Thoughts of Preferment, for the Sake of an Oath, there is no Noise made about this Dispute, all the Struggle at present being about the Measures of the present Administration, which unites the Parties, and dis-joins them, in the oddest unaccountable Manner that ever was heard of. Some of the staunchest *Whigs*, in late Reigns, are now at the Head of the *Ministry*, and altho' they were for calling Sovereigns and their Ministers to Account in former Days, and were great Sticklers for our *Sovereign Lord the People*, yet now they are at the Helm, are as much *fure Divino* Men as any in *England*. Others, who in former Reigns were *tantivy*, are now come over to the *Whig Principle* of calling the *Administration* to Account; and if they could, would deal Impeachments about in a terrible Manner. But which is the strangest Thing of all, some who were so zealous as to take Arms not long ago for the Remains of the Race of *Stuart*, whom they endeavoured to restore to the Throne, which they thought then to be their Right, are now the greatest *Abettors* of the present Ministry, against those who appear as Patriots for the *Country Interest*.

THESE Divisions and Subdivisions make it absolutely necessary to tax and double-tax the Nation, to support the Government; and I can tell thee a Secret, that it must be so, to the End of the Chapter, whilst there is the Shadow of a *contested Title* at home, and a *Pretender* abroad. One Part of the Nation will not see this, and the other see it, but say they cannot help it. But these Infidels are blind to their own Interest; for it seems very plain to me, that they have not yet thought of the true Remedy for this Dis-temper.

L E T T E R XIII.

SELIM *at London, to MIRZA at Ispahan.*

The Numidian History continu'd.

LUPERO, (who had been employ'd, as has been said, in the Murder of *Zelma- nedes*) having been committed to Jail for a civil Debt, wrote to *Aimander* to relieve him, but finding by his Silence that he was deaf to his Complaints was resolv'd to send him such a Letter as should rouse his Attention; but not thinking it safe to trust it to the Jaylor's sending, who would desire to see the

the

the Contents of it, he resolv'd to hire some Body by the Force of Money to carry the Letter to *Aimander*. Having therefore written his Letter, he often open'd his Window to see if he could find one for his Purpose; and at last, (by a particular Providence from Heaven; without doubt) he cast his Eyes upon a Boy of about fourteen Years of Age, who seem'd to have Address enough for such an Errand; and calling him to him, he ask'd him where he liv'd. The Boy told him that he liv'd at *Bona*, at present, where he was at School, but that he was Son to one *Baldar*, a Farmer in the Country. *Lupero* ask'd him if he knew a Gentleman nam'd *Aimander*, the Lad readily answer'd that he was his Father's Landlord. *Lupero* thinking this Boy a proper Messenger to send his Letter by, and finding him a smart Youth offer'd him a sutable Reward to get the Letter deliver'd to *Aimander*, which the Boy promis'd to perform; and so having the Letter and Money thrown out of the Window to him, he left the School and his Books; to perform the more agreeable Task for which he was liberally rewarded: Neither *Lupero* nor the Boy, knowing upon what Terms *Baldar* stood with *Aimander*.

AS soon as the Boy came to his Father's (who was remov'd to another House) he shew'd him the Letter address'd to *Aimander*, telling him where he got it. The Father,

seeing it seal'd, without a Passport from the Jaylor (according to the Law when Prisoners write Letters) told his Son he was a naughty Boy, for bringing him in Danger of the Law, which *Aimander* would not fail to take the Advantage of, if he or any of his Family carry'd him a seal'd Letter from a Prisoner. At this the Boy, tearing off the Seal, now, said he, the Danger is over, and since you are afraid of *Aimander*, it is proper you know what the Letter contains before he sees it. With that, opening the Letter, he read these Words.

Lupero to Aimander.

S I R,

You know what Hazards I have run upon your Account, tho' you have forgotten of what Use my Services have been to you. I am not now lurking in an Arbour, but pent up in a Prison, otherwise Aimander would take more Notice of me. Sir, either let some of that Wealth, which you enjoy by my Means, be employ'd to relieve me from this Place, or I will conjure up the Ghost of Zelmanedes to vex you, which will make you repent your Unkindness to

LUPERO.

When the Boy had finish'd the Letter, *Baldar*, taking it out of his Hand, said, this is
a dark

a dark Letter which I shall not pretend to explain, but since my dear old Master is nam'd in it, and that it threatens some Vexation to *Aimander*, I will carry it to *Simonides Zelmanedes's* Nephew, who is better at Riddles than I pretend to be. And so charging his Son to say nothing of it, he went to *Simonides*, who having read the Letter several times over, and comparing it with the Circumstances of his Uncle's Murder, having thank'd *Baldar* for his Kindness, and enjoin'd him Secrecy, he took his Journey to *Cirta* the next Morning; and being a Gentleman well known and respected at Court, he no sooner signify'd his Desire of an Audience of his Majesty, but he was admitted; where having upon his Knee, kiss'd his Majesty's Hand, he by a short Speech told his Business, and at the same Time begg'd Pardon for troubling his Majesty, but his Reason was, that as his royal Justice gave him Assurance to apply to him for revenging the Murder of his Uncle; so his Majesty's Wisdom in finding out hidden Mysteries, had encourag'd him to throw himself at his Feet to beg his Assistance in unfolding the Meaning of that Ænigmatical Letter.

THE King, having consider'd the Letter, and made *Simonides* repeat the Particulars of the Murder which he had heard before, was entirely of Opinion that *Aimander* was the Author, and *Lupero* the Assaffine. He therefore

fore immediately order'd a Cabinet Council to be call'd, in which having propos'd the Matter, and order'd *Simonides* to be call'd in, after hearing the Letter read, and the Recital of the Murder, the whole Council was of Opinion that *Aimander* was guilty, as the Author and Contriver of the Murder, and *Lupero* as the Executor of it. But because it was not likely that he alone should have undertaken so hazardous an Enterprize, it was agreed to proceed with the utmost Secrecy, that the Accomplices might not take Umbrage at *Aimander's* being arrested. The Council therefore advis'd that a Warrant should be sent to the proper Officer, to arrest him upon some other Pretence, and to keep him in his House till farther Orders, but to take Care that he should not escape. And at the same Time, there was an Order sent to the Town of *Bona* to two of the King's Justices, with the Letter written by *Lupero*, to go privately to the Prison, and examine *Lupero*. Both these Orders were executed with great Exactness, *Aimander* was arrested as he was riding with a single Servant, some Miles from his own House, and being carry'd to the Sheriff's House, was treated by him as if he had come of a Visit, and nothing refus'd him but Liberty. And they who were employ'd to examine *Lupero* behav'd themselves with such Dexterity, that altho' the Villain at first deny'd his knowing any Thing
of

of the Murder, and would have put other Interpretations upon that Letter, yet his Confusion, and Inconsistency in answering some cross Questions, gave them such Evidence of his Guilt, that they threaten'd him with the Rack if he did not confess, and order'd the Jaylor to get it ready, the very mention of which terrify'd him to that degree, that he confess'd the whole Fact, and produced *Aimander's* Letter sent from *Zelmanedes's* House the Day he was murder'd, and discover'd that *Veraglio* was the only Accomplice of the Execution; upon which after he was likewise seiz'd, according to the Orders of Court, *Lupero* and *Veraglio* were sent in Chains to *Cirta*, whither likewise *Aimander* was sent with a Guard soon after.

AIMANDER was no sooner arrested, but his guilty Conscience flew in his Face; the innocent Blood of *Zelmanedes* star'd in his Eyes; and the Apprehension of the Punishment he had so justly deserv'd made him forget, nay even abhor those Pleasures he had bought at the Price of his Innocence and Honour. But he had some faint Hopes, that it could not be upon that Account that he was taken up. He could not imagine that *Lupero* or *Veraglio* would blab out a Fact which must cost them their Lives. This made him think it was at *Baldar* or his Daughter's Sute that he had been arrested; but as there were no Witnesses of the Rape, he.

he had Hopes to get off by paying a good Fine, and settling a handsome Portion upon *Diana*. But when he was brought before the Court, where the King himself was present, and where he was confronted with the two wicked Instruments of his Treachery to his Friend, and his own Letter brought as an Evidence against him, he was so confounded, that he had not Assurance to deny the Fact. And therefore being commanded to speak for himself, he said,

‘ Great King! I now find, tho’ alas! too late, that Pleasures purchas’d by Iniquity terminate in Sorrow; and that Man’s Confidence is vain, who ventures upon Acts of Impiety, in Hope of Secrecy, whilst the Eye of Heaven is upon all our Actions. Such is my Fate, such has been my Folly, Bewitch’d with the Beauty of *Rothilda*. then *Zelmanedes*’s, and now my near widow’d Wife; and finding, by her Virtue (to which with my last Breath I must give Testimony) that I could not seduce her from the Path of Honour, I look’d upon *Zelmanedes*’s Life, as a Block in the Way of my Happiness; and therefore I enter’d into a bloody Contract, with these two Men (now wretched by my Contrivance) secretly to take away his Life, foolishly imagining that the World should never discover from what Forge the Key had come which open’d the Door to my unlawful Pleasures

‘sures. But I see that Heaven is just, and
 ‘that Blood cries from the Bowels of the
 ‘Earth for Vengeance. I am guilty of *Zel-*
 ‘*manedes* Murder, and I know the great
 ‘*Hiarbes* is too just not to punish such a
 ‘Crime as it deserves.” *Lupero* and *Verag-*
lio having likewise pleaded guilty, they were
 all remitted to Prison till the Court should
 give Sentence against them.

L E T T E R XIV.

To HOULI MOLLACK, *one of the Holy*
Ministers of the Tomb of the great Pro-
phet.

Of Religion and Morals.

VENERABLE Guardian of the holy
 Tomb! I should not presume to tref-
 pass upon thy precious Time, if thou hadst
 not laid thy Commands upon me, to give
 thee an exact Account from time to time of
 my Observations upon *Religion* in *Eng-*
land.

I have made it my principal Business to
 study that Point, and can with Pleasure as-
 sure thee, that unless some unlucky Incident
 happens to alarm the Church (which has
 more than once been strangely rescued from
 impending

impending Destruction, and is ascribed, by the few who are zealous for it, to Divine Providence, and confirms them in their Superstition) there will not be a Memory of Christianity left in *England* in a short time, at least not in this City.

ONE cannot go into any Company of Fashion, but they are entertained with what the few Zealots call Blasphemy. Every pert Coxcomb, or *Virtuosa* Girl, quotes the Book of GOD, out of Ridicule, to embellish a wanton Story. And altho' that Text is the only Part of the Discourse that is common Sense, nor even that as it is applied, there is a *Laugh* raised, as if the Speaker had said the brightest thing in the World.

IF any of the Company happens to tell an incredible Story, ' Ay, (says a young Fop) ' I believe that as much as I do the Miracles ' of *the three Impostors*. O that was pretty ' (cries a young Prude) *the three Impostors*, ' that is, *the three great M's*; let me die ' but I envy you the Glory of that Piece of ' Wit. You have mended it by your own, ' by G—, Madam, (says he) for I should ' not have thought of the *Messiah*, to have ' made them all begin with a Letter.'

IF one stirs abroad on the first Day of the Week, which is what they keep holy, as we do the sixth, one cannot pass the Streets for Coaches, People of both Sexes on Horse-back, and Men, Women and children a-foot in
Crouds.

Crowds, I at first thought they were crowding to their Mosques, but was inform'd they were running from them, and going upon Parties of Pleasure in the Country. And there are such Multitudes go out of Town that Day, as one would think no-body was left to go to the *Mosque*: And indeed they are generally little frequented, and that by such who either want Health or Money to junket in the Country.

BUT I know thy Holiness makes thee think that they who do go to the *Mosques* here, go to pray to *Alla* and his Prophet the *Messiah*. No, venerable Mollack, Prayers are out of the Question. It is true they have Worship there, but few mind it except the *Priests* and *Clerks*, or perhaps some old People; the rest of the Audience are curtsying and bowing to their Acquaintances all round the Church, or *ogling* one another. This is a strange Term to thee, but means looking with loose Desires to some about them. But one Motive, besides shewing themselves, takes many to Church, *viz.* To hear a fine Discourse from a celebrated Preacher. For there is a Custom in this Place of *preaching Prizes*, that is, some of the young Divines especially, strive who shall draw most of the Ladies after them, from all Parts of the City (for they strole from one *Mosque* to another) by their genteel Air, strong Lungs, and graceful Utterance, and if they have but those

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three Qualities, they may preach what they will, for the Audience for the most part are no Judges.

BUT if thou wert here to see the Insults which the Priests daily meet with in the Streets (altho' I can assure thee their Habit is the most decent, that I have ever seen) thou wouldst conclude, with me, that *Christianity* was at a low Ebb in this Country. It is true, there are some of them exempted from those Ruffles in the Streets, because their Rank and Preferments enable them to keep Coaches and Servants; but these are not they who generally have the best Characters, for they are, for the most part, tax'd (but it is by such as do not love the Church) with having nothing at Heart but *Preferment*, and aggrandizing their Families; and it is said, even by those who wish best to their Order, that the Calumny of their complying with every Thing which the Ministers propose, that they may be first Oars to better Dignities than they yet enjoy, is one great Cause of the Contempt of the Clergy of *England*. If they are such mercenary Tools, they deserve to be despis'd; but as they are innocent, they ought to take Care to make their Innocence appear by a Conduct contrary to what is thus objected to them: And if they do not, and that speedily, a short Time will make them the Butt
of

of the *Fury* of the People, as they are already of their *Satyre* and *Ridicule*.

BUT there are Men of Sense and Probity among the Clergy; I have known several, and have heard of many others. There are many who have Preferments, who adhere in the main to the Doctrine of the Church, and stickle for her Rights in Spite of all Attempts against them, and preach up the Fundamentals of *Christianity* with a Spirit and Learning, which none of their Adversaries can answer but by foul Language or a ridiculous Sneer. But as many of the Lay Patrons have little or no Religion, they will never give Preferment to one who has; since they can never be at a Loss for wicked Clergy who will not stick at going thro' thick and thin for Preferment. And one of such a Cast is able to do more Mischief to the Church than three of another Stamp can remedy. For Vice is more easily introduced, and more hardly rooted out, where the Soil is prepared for it. I doubt not of thy Prayers, *Holy Mollack!* for our Prophet's Assistance to the good Appearance which seems to make Way for our Holy *Religion* among Infidels.

LETTER XV.

SELIM *at London, to MIRZA at Isfahan.*

Continuation of the Numidian History.

BEFORE the Court broke up, it was suggested by one of the Judges that *Rothilda* ought to be brought before them. For, said he, altho' it is possible she may be innocent, yet her marrying her Husband's Murderer may give ground to suspect that she was privy, if she did not consent to the Murder of the one for the Enjoyment of the other. This was thought a reasonable Proposal, and therefore an Order was given to bring her to Town, when News was brought that she was come of herself, to learn the Cause of *Aimander's* Arrest. The King therefore commanded her to be brought before them, but without any Violence, there being none who had accus'd her of any Crime.

AS soon as *Rothilda* appear'd, the King spoke to her himself in a most gracious Manner, ' *Rothilda*, we have sent for you to know ' what Pains you would be at for the Discovery of the Murder of *Zelmanedes*.' Royal Sir, said *Rothilda*, ' Time has not so worn
the

' the Love of *Zelmanedes* from my Heart,
 ' nor an After-marriage made me so forgetful
 ' of my Duty to his Memory, as that I would
 ' decline the utmost Pains, or refuse to be at
 ' any Expence in my Power, to bring to light
 ' his Murderers, and to procure to them the
 ' just Reward of their Wickedness.' But,
 ' said *Hiarbes*, ' what if your Husband be
 ' the Murderer of your Husband? can you
 ' give up living *Aimander*, to revenge dead
 ' *Zelmanedes*?' Those Words so astonish'd
Rothilda, who had heard nothing of the
 Trial, that she remain'd, for some Time,
 like one in a Trance. But recovering her-
 self as well as she could, she answer'd after
 a Flood of Tears, ' The Gods forbid, most
 ' gracious King, that ever I should hear that
 ' the Murderer of *Zelmanedes* should have
 ' lain in the Possem of *Rothilda*. But if Hea-
 ' ven has suffer'd my Innocence to be so
 ' mock'd, and made my Bed a Sanctuary for
 ' so bloody a Guest, I may complain that
 ' the Gods have taken Pleasure in making
 ' a poor innocent Woman a Monument of
 ' their Wrath, and a Spectacle of Misery.
 ' But what to reply to your Majesty, if this
 ' is the Case, I do not know. Should I pass
 ' over, without a just Resentment, the Mur-
 ' der of *Zelmanedes*? his Ghost might ac-
 ' cuse me, in the World of Spirits, of Ingrati-
 ' tude for his kind Love in this. Should I
 ' consent to the Death of *Aimander*? he is

' my Husband, as well as the other was.
 ' Shall I say, that *Zelmanedes's* Blood shall
 ' not be aveng'd? the Heavens would con-
 ' demn me, as an Enemy to Justice, and a
 ' Countenancer of Murder and Violence.
 ' Shall I say that *Aimander's* Blood should be
 ' shed? the World will censure me as the
 ' Murderer of my Husband. Shall I plead
 ' for my Husband *Aimander*? then I do In-
 ' jury to the Memory of my dear *Zelmane-*
 ' *des*. Shall I plead against *Aimander*? then
 ' I plead against myself. If I say *Aimander*
 ' shall live, I keep in my Bosom the Mur-
 ' derer of my Husband. If I say he shall
 ' die, then I murder my Husband. I have
 ' then nothing left, in the wretched State to
 ' which I am reduced, but to lay my Hand
 ' upon my Mouth, and leave your Majesty
 ' and your honourable Judges, to determine
 ' as your Wisdoms shall think fit, and have
 ' nothing left to do, but to bemoan my own
 ' miserable State, whatever may be the Re-
 ' sult of the present Council; and must re-
 ' solve to feed upon those bitter Morsels
 ' which the Heavens have carved for me,
 ' as my daily Bread.' These Words of *Ro-*
tbilda, utter'd with an Air of Innocence and
 Modesty, but with such unaffected Grief,
 convinced the King, and all the Court, that
Rotbilda had no hand in the Guilt of which
 the others were convicted, and made all that
 were present pity her present Condition,
 But

But that nothing might be omitted to justify her Innocence, or to confound her if guilty, *Aimander*, *Lupero* and *Veraglio* were again brought into Court, who with one joint Consent avow'd her Innocence of the Murder of *Zelmanedes*; and each of the Assassins declar'd that *Aimander* had, both before and after the Perpetration of that wicked Fact, express'd his Apprehension of her coming to the Knowledge of it, as much as the discovering it to a Judge. *Aimander* himself with a Sincerity to which he seem'd to have been a Stranger in the former Part of his Life, gave such an Account of her Love to *Zelmanedes*, and of her virtuous Behaviour towards himself during the Life of her first Husband, that the King and the Judges acquitted *Rothilda* of any Knowledge or Consent to the Murder.

BUT now a new Scene open'd, which shew'd the Justice of *Hiarbes*, and his Regard for the Happiness of his People.

BALDAR, hearing of *Aimander's* being arrested, and carry'd to *Cirta*, and knowing that it was the Effect of the Letter he had carry'd to *Simonides*, made what Haste he could to Court, and arriv'd just in Time to hear *Rothilda* acquitted of the Crime of her Husband's Murder. The poor Man seeing with what Patience and Concern the King listen'd to that Affair, thought he had the fairest Opportunity to represent his Cause;
he

he therefore thrust himself as near as he could to the King, and as soon as he thought he could be heard, falling on his Knees, call'd out, *Justice, O King.* *Hiarbes* hearing the Words, order'd Way to be made for him, and, as soon as he was near, ask'd who he was, and against whom he demanded Justice. 'I am (said he) the poor Man *Baldar*, whose Cause *Harismal* told you of some Time ago. *Harismal* (said the King) has spoken to me of several Men, and different Causes; but who among them thou art, or what Cause thine is, I know not. I am (reply'd *Baldar*) the poor Man who was Tenant to *Zelmanedes*, and then to *Aimander*, whose Daughter *Aimander* ravish'd, had himself beaten, and his Lease taken from him by Ruffians, and then threw him out of his Farm; all which I made Complaint of to *Harismal*, who said he had presented it to you, O King! I waited long for Redress, but after many fair Speeches I was turn'd off with Threatenings.'

ALTHO' this Address of *Baldar* was not accompany'd with that Turn of Phrase fit for a King's Ear, yet *Hiarbes* finding in it a plain Honesty, resolv'd to mind the Matter of the Complaint more than the rude Manner in which it was deliver'd. And therefore turning to *Aimander*, he ask'd him what he had to object against this new Charge. *Aimander* considering that a Charge of greater Secrecy

Secrecy had been prov'd against him, and that it was in vain to put off this new Charge with any Glosses, since he stood convicted of Murder, frankly own'd the whole. Then the King, with a severe Aspect, turning towards *Harismal*, ask'd him, in a Tone which made him look pale, how he came to abuse his Confidence, and to keep back the Complaints of his Subjects from him; and to deceive the poor Man, by pretending to have represented his Case to him when he never had spoken to him one Word of it? *Harismal*, who was not sure but the Letter he had written to *Aimander* might be found and produced against him, durst not deny his Knowledge of *Baldar*, and his Case; but pretended he had conceal'd it with a Design to persuade *Aimander* to make Satisfaction to *Baldar* and his Daughter without giving his Majesty the Trouble of it. *Hiarbes*, altho' otherwise of a mild Disposition, could not with Patience hear him varnish over his Breach of Trust with the Colour of easing him of Trouble, and therefore before the whole Court he thus spoke to him. 'Your Offence, ' *Harismal*, carries in it a Complication of many Faults. You have betray'd the Trust ' I repos'd in you, you have hazarded my ' Honour, scandaliz'd my Government, deceiv'd this poor Man, countenanc'd his ' Daughter's Ravisher, and taken upon you, ' in

‘ in my Name, and under my Authority, the
‘ Patrociny of Oppression. As my Secre-
‘ tary, you ought to have consulted my Ho-
‘ nour, and the good of my Subjects; and to
‘ have communicated the Knowledge of
‘ their State to me; but on the contrary,
‘ you have not only neglected to inform me
‘ of their just Grievances (which is a Fault
‘ I shall not easily forgive) but you have in-
‘ dustriously block’d up the Passage to any
‘ other Means they might attempt to give
‘ me Knowledge of their Wrongs; by which
‘ you have brought me under the Hazard of
‘ being reputed either an inaccessible and fro-
‘ ward Prince, who am above doing Justice
‘ to my Subjects; or of a careless one, who
‘ am unconcern’d at the Sufferings of the op-
‘ press’d; or, which is worse, you have brought
‘ me in Danger of being thought a Tyrant,
‘ who connive at, or countenance Injustice,
‘ and Oppression. Thus have you brought
‘ Scandal upon my Government, as not be-
‘ ing able or willing to protect the Innocent
‘ from the Insults of their more powerful
‘ Neighbours; and have disgraced the Post I
‘ trusted you with, by your Falshood and
‘ Diffimulation; and, by your base Treat-
‘ ment of this poor Man, you have discour-
‘ rag’d others, in his, or the like Circum-
‘ stances, to have Recourse to me for Justice,
‘ which your Behaviour towards this Man
‘ made

‘made them despair to obtain. But I shall
 ‘take such Course in this Matter, as shall
 ‘let all *Numidia* know that I am no Encou-
 ‘rager of Oppression in the greatest of my
 ‘Servants.’ Having said this, he order’d
 the Captain of his Guard to take *Harismal*
 into Arrest, and to confine him to his House.

THE next Day *Aimander*, *Lupero* and
Veraglio, were brought from Prison, to re-
 ceive Sentence; which having been agreed
 upon by the Judges, with the King’s Appro-
 bation, was then read to them as follows.
 That whereas *Aimander* had suffer’d his Eyes
 to ensnare his Heart to those unclean Lusts,
 from which all the Wickedness he had been
 condemn’d for had flow’d, that therefore his
 Eyes should be pick’d out by the Hand of
Lupero upon the Scaffold; That his Hand,
 which had written the wicked Letter, should
 be cut off by *Veraglio*, so that those two
 might be Instruments of his Punishment, as
 they had been of his Crime. And alter-
 wards his Head should be sever’d from his
 Body by the Hand of the common Execu-
 tioner. That his proper Estate (except such
 Part of it as had been settled as a Jointure
 upon *Rotbilda*) should be divided between
Baldar and his Daughter *Diana* in equal
 Moieties, and that Division to be made over
 to them under the great Seal.

LUPERO and *Veraglio* were sentenc'd (after they had thus treated *Aimander*) to have their right Hands cut off with a Saw, and then to be strangled to Death upon Gibbets. Then that all the three Heads should be set upon Poles, viz. the Head of *Aimander* in the Market Place of *Cirta* with this Inscription, *For Blood and Lust*; and those of the other two in the publick Market-place of *Bona*, together with their Hands, to which Stiletto's were to be chain'd, over which was written, *This is the Reward of Murder*.

AS to *Harismal*, the King turn'd him out of his Office, and the Court declar'd him incapable of ever enjoying any Place of Trust in the Kingdom, and fin'd him in half the Value of his Estate, which was to be applied to charitable Uses. A Proclamation was likewise issu'd forth, declaring, That whoever, of what Degree or Quality soever, had Cause to think, that he was injur'd by the inferior Judges, should make Application to the King himself; and that they might have an Opportunity of doing it, without Charge or Loss of Time, he appointed stated Times for visiting the several Provinces of his Kingdom, that he might see how Justice was administer'd, and made an Edict by which all Judges who should be convicted of Bribery, should not only be degraded from their Office,

fice, but punish'd according to the Nature of their Offence; and that no Subject should be hinder'd from preferring any Petition, the King appointed proper Officers, with Boxes open at top into which any one might put a Paper, which could not be taken out till the Box was open'd in his Presence. And altho' an indolent Prince would have thought this a Toil too great for a King to go thro', this excellent Prince took Pleasure in making the Nation happy, and spar'd no Pains to promote Trade, encourage Husbandry, improve Arts, protect the Innocent, and to punish the Guilty.

L E T T E R XVI.

SELIM *at* London, *to* MIRZA *at* Isfahan.

I GAVE thee, in a former Letter, some Account of a certain Christian Doctor, who had taken some Pains to make me a Profelyte to the Superstition of this Country; and I told thee, at the same time, how singular such Kind of Zeal is among these polite People, and what a Bar *that* was to the well-meaning Gentleman's Preference.

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BUT

BUT I should not do Justice to the Civility of a Country which grows every Day more agreeable to me, if I did not also acquaint thee, that there lately came over hither from the Western World, some who were called *Indian Kings*; being Chiefs of a Tribe of Savages in those Parts, who are as far from being Christians as from being true Musselmen, and seem indeed to have no Notions of any Religion, but what the mere Light of Nature shews them.

THESE Persons I thought were so proper Subjects for a religious Zeal to work upon, that I frankly own to thee, I had once so much the Spirit of a Missionary in myself, that I was contriving how to commence an Acquaintance with those foreign Infidels, in hopes to be instrumental to their becoming true Believers. But a Friend, whom I could safely intrust with my Design, dissuaded me seriously from pursuing it: ' For (says he) it will certainly
' be resented to your Prejudice; not so
' much for your endeavouring to make
' them *Mahometans*, as for disquieting them
' at all about Matters of Religion and
' Conscience. They are a peacable, well-
' meaning People, and have exposed them-
' selves to the Dangers of a long Voyage,
' purely out of their zealous Attachment
' to

‘ to our present happy Government. And
 ‘ ’tis a Maxim among the wisest of our
 ‘ Friends, That *such* ought not to be de-
 ‘ prived of their *Liberty of Conscience*, but
 ‘ to be indulged in their respective *Freedom*
 ‘ of *Thinking*; there being no Danger but
 ‘ all *such* good *Allies* or *Subjects* may be saved
 ‘ in *their own way*.’

THIS, I confess, seemed somewhat strange to me at first; but I found my Friend’s Advice was not ill-grounded, when those *Indians*, after having been highly regaled for a considerable Time, were civilly dismiss’d, without so much as ever being once spoke to concerning Religion.

COMMUNICATE this, as thou hast Opportunity, to the venerable *Mollack*, as a Piece of News which may not be unworthy of his Knowledge.

L E T T E R XVII.

SELIM *at* London, *to* MIRZA *at* Ispahan.*The Numidian History continu'd.*

I N this happy State was the Kingdom of *Numidia* for some Time under the auspicious Reign of the wise *Hiarbes*. But alas! that Happiness was too great to be lasting, and that King too good to live long: For after he had reign'd ten Years he was snatch'd away by Death, and with him dy'd the Peace and Prosperity of *Numidia*. The universal Mourning for the Death of *Hiarbes* was not so much known by the Apparel, as in the Faces of all Ranks and Degrees of People. Never was a more general Sorrow for the Death of one Man, nor was it without Reason, that the People mourn'd, for they reckon'd his untimely Death a Presage of some uncommon Calamity, as indeed it prov'd. For, no sooner were the Funeral Rites perform'd with royal Pomp, but *Vorolandes*, the deceas'd King's Uncle, (one whose Abilities would have fitted him for Government if his Ambition had not blinded his Judgment) claim'd the Regency as his due, by Proximity

mity of Blood; which was allow'd him in a general Assembly of the States, and he was proclaim'd *Guardian* of the young King and his Brother, and Protector of the Kingdom. Queen *Lomirilla*, who was extremely griev'd for the Loss of her Husband, acquiesced in the Determination of the Convention, and accordingly deliver'd the young King *Misanes*, with his Brother *Juba*, into his Hands, but beg'd that he would leave *Hyempsal* with her, both upon the Account of his tender Age, (he being but three Years old) and likewise out of Regard to her present Circumstances, to help to divert her Grief in some measure, which *Vorolandes* could not well refuse, and therefore consented to, leaving also the Princess *Rosalinda* with the Queen on the Account of her Sex.

ABOUT two Years were spent in new modeling the Places of greatest Trust, which he did so by Degrees, that the Generality took no Umbrage at the Changes he made, upon different Pretences; for, in the main, his government was unblamable, and his Behaviour towards the two Princes was without Fault. Yet there was some Persons of greater Penetration, who look'd with a jealous Eye, upon his laying aside the old trusty Servants of the Crown, who were Men of known Abilities, and putting his own Creatures in Offices of the greatest Importance. But, as that was in his Power by Law, they said nothing

thing of it, unless it were in Confidence to very few.

VOROLANDES, knowing that at the Age of 15, the young King was, by the Law, deem'd to be of Age to appoint his own Ministers, saw that he had but six Years to hold the Regency (the King having been nine Years old at the Demise of his Father;) and his Ambition prompting him to hold the Reins of the Government, during his Life, he began to contrive Means to bring it about. But finding it impracticable whilst the Princes were alive, his Lust of Power prevail'd so far as to make him form a Design of putting them to Death, but in so secret a Way that he might not be suspected of it. After he had new model'd the Kingdom, and had all Places of Importance in the Power of his own Creatures, and had the Army especially under such Officers, as ow'd their Promotion to him alone, he set about his traiterous Design of murdering the two eldest Princes *Mesanes* and *Juba*, reserving *Hyemp-sal* to a more convenient Opportunity. Having therefore provided a Poison, whose slow but sure Operation might pass for some natural Disease, he secretly agreed with *Lamedor* one of the King's Cooks, to infuse it into some Mess which was to be serv'd up to the King and his Brother, which he, by *Vorolandes's* Promise of a rich Reward, undertook to perform. But whilst he was meditating

tating the Death of those innocent Princes, an Adventure happen'd which gave them a short Reprieve. For, the very Day before he had promis'd to the Regent to put his Wick- edness in Execution, as *Mefanes* and *Juba*, accompany'd by *Lamedor's* Son, a Boy about their own Age, having retir'd from their o- ther Attendants to shoot at Birds in the Skirt of a Wood not far from the Palace, a Bear, coming out of the Wood, seiz'd *Lamedor's* Son, which the young King seeing, by an heroic Courage above his Age, having his Bow ready bent, shot the Bear into the Eye so that she fell down dead, and left the Boy with only a slight Wound in his Thigh. They were no sooner come Home but *La- medor's* Son told his Father of the Danger he had escap'd by the Address and Resolu- tion of the young King, which gave such a Turn to his Mind, that after a serious Soli- loquy, about what he had undertaken, he resolves rather to leave the Kingdom, where he knew he could not be safe after having disappointed *Vorolandes*, than to be guilty of a Crime which had so many Aggravations in it. Having thus determin'd to run all Hazards rather than to be such a Villain, he went secretly to the Queen, and disclos'd all that he knew of the Plot against the Loves of the Princes, and upon his Knees beg'd Pardon for having once consented to so hei- nous a Parricide.

L O M I-

LOMIRILLA surpriz'd and frighten'd to the last Degree at this horrid Treason, sent for some of the old faithful Friends of *Hiarbes* (one of whom was *Merobanes*, who had been Admiral of the Fleet during the Reign of her Husband, and whom *Vorolandes* had not thought fit to lay aside, altho' he did not trust him;) to them the Queen imparted what *Lamedor* had discover'd to her, and desir'd their Counsel and Assistance.

THEY were struck with Horror at the Wickedness of the Regent, but considering that they had only one Witness of the Design, and that *Vorolandes's* Power would easily counter-balance all the Interest they could make to get the Princes out of his Hands; after a long Debate, and several Proposals made, and rejected as impracticable, *Merobanes* told the Queen that he was extremely griev'd to inform her Majesty that he was afraid the King and *Juba* were lost, there being no Pretence for taking them out of the Regent's Hands, without telling the true Cause, which, without doubt *Vorolandes* would deny, and they being not able to bring sufficient Proof of it, would only expose themselves to his Rage, and the Rigour of the Law. He therefore advis'd her to contrive some Way to secure *Hyempsal* from the Danger which his Brothers were expos'd to, and in the mean Time if any Means could be thought of to save them too, they would refuse.

use no Hazard for the Service of the royal Family.

ALTHO' it was with inexpressible Grief that the Queen saw herself in Danger of losing her two eldest Sons; yet finding there was too great a Probability in it, she told them that she would enter into any Measures they should propose for saving *Hyempfal*. After several Projects laid down, Providence furnish'd them with one which took Effect. *Merobanes* had a Son of the same Age with *Hyempfal*, and not unlike him in Features and Complexion. This Child, whose Name was *Melmador*, fell sick of a violent Fever, which, in all Appearance, was like to prove mortal. *Merobanes* therefore propos'd to change Sons with the Queen, and to run the Hazard of the Life of his own Son, in Case he should recover of his Sickness, or if he should not be able to rescue him from the Tyrant, he would rather risk his being murder'd, than to see the Male-Issue of *Hiarbes* extinguish'd. This being agreed upon, *Merobanes's* sick Child was secretly convey'd in the Night to the Queen's Apartment, and *Merobanes* with his Lady, to whom he had reveal'd the Secret, going thither by Appointment, together with *Adromedal* and *Berutkan*, two Lords of intire Fidelity to the royal Family, the Queen taking *Hyempfal* in her Arms and kissing him many Times, with a Flood of Tears, deliver'd

ver'd him to *Merobanes* in Presence of the
 other two, with these Words. ' *Merobanes*,
 ' I deliver into your Hands, and commit to
 ' your Trust, the dearest Jewel I have left
 ' me, my Son, and I dread to say, my only
 ' Son, and which is more the only Son of
 ' *Hiarbes*. I recommend him to your Care
 ' to be educated as your own, till Heaven,
 ' which now frowns upon the royal House
 ' of *Numidia* shall think fit to smile upon us.
 ' And you *Adromedal* and *Beruthal*, I call
 ' you to witness the Trust I have repos'd in
 ' *Merobanes*; that if it shall please the Gods
 ' to raise him to the Throne; when you and
 ' I shall, by the Tyranny of *Vorolandes*, be
 ' depriv'd of his elder Brothers (if such a
 ' Misfortune shall happen to us) you may
 ' declare that this is the lawful Son of *Hiar-*
 ' *bes* and Heir of *Numidia*, whereof this
 ' Mark of a Cross upon his right Arm, shall
 ' be a sufficient Token and Evidence here-
 ' after.' Having said this, she shew'd the
 Mark with which he was born. And then
 kissing him with great Tendernefs, she kneel'd
 down, and lifting up her Hands to Heaven,
 she said, O thou eternal Being, by whose un-
 controulable Providence, all human Affairs are
 govern'd, take this Infant under thy Protec-
 tion, and let thy Favour be his Sanctuary, a-
 gainst the bloody Designs of *Vorolandes*. But
 if thy unsearchable Wisdom has decreed that
 this poor Child shall, with his Brothers, come
 under

under the merciless Hands of that unnatural Monster, let the Hand of Death first shut my Eyes, that they may not behold such Misery, and Desolation. Having thus said, she rose up, and delivering a Writing in Trust to *Merobanes*, witnessed by *Adromedal* and *Be-ruthan*, she retir'd suddenly into her Closet, and they taking the young Prince, convey'd him, unseen of any, to *Merobanes's* House, where they put him in a private Chamber, under Pretence of removing *Melmedor* thither for better Air.

THE next Day the Report was spread that *Hyempsal* was sick, *Vorolandes* came immediately to visit him, and Physicians are call'd, but, under Colour of the Prince's Indisposition, the Chamber was kept so dark, that even his own Women could not discover the Cheat; and in two Days *Merobanes's* Son dying, it was believ'd by all *Numidia* that *Hyempsal* was dead. Nor was there Occasion for the Queen to feign a Sorrow which she did not feel; for, the apparent Hazard of her two eldest Sons, which she did not see any Way to prevent, gave her sufficient Ground for real Grief. *Vorolandes* inwardly rejoicing that Heaven (as he suppos'd) had taken the only Obstacle, that was not in his Power, out of his Way to the Throne, made great Preparation for a magnificent Funeral, but the Queen had taken Care to have the Corps put into the Coffin very quickly, under Pretence

Pretence that whilst it was in a Condition to be seen, she could not leave the Chamber, and so the Funeral was perform'd with great Solemnity, without the least Suspicion of the innocent Deceit.

IN the mean Time, *Merobanes* giving out that his Son was a little better, under Pretence of the Country Air, remov'd with a small Part of his Family, to a Seat of his own about 20 Miles Distance from *Cirta*, where he left his Lady to take Care of the Prince, now no longer *Hyempsal* but *Melmedor*, and return'd to comfort *Lomirilla*, and to contrive, if possible, a Way to save the young King and his Brother. But all his Endeavours were in vain, for two Months were scarce past, after the suppos'd Death of *Hyempsal*, when the Alarm was given in the Court, that the King and his Brother *Juba* were found dead in their Beds. *Vorolandes* pretending to bestir himself with more than ordinary Concern, call'd the Physicians to view the Bodies, made the Guards be doubled, order'd a Search to be made all over the Palace for the Murderers. The Physicians seeing no Wound on either of them, but the Blood settled in their Faces, declar'd that it was their Opinion, that they had been stifled with some Cloth or Pillow, which had been so close put into their Mouths, and stop'd all Passage for Respiration, that they could not make the least Noise. All the Ser-
vants

vants were call'd to appear, but one *Rubeno* a Groom of the young King's Chamber was missing; by which every one concluded that he had committed the Treason; and none made a greater Noise about apprehending him than *Vorolandes*, who sent Orders to all the Passes of the Kingdom to let none go out of it, but such as had his Pass-port.

LETTER XVIII.

To HOULI MOLLACK, *one of the Holy Ministers of the Tomb of the great Prophet.*

Of Fornication.

THOU wilt wonder, *Holy Mollack*, that I should dare to invade thy Retirement so soon with another Letter; but all the Excuse I can make for it is, that it is to give thee Intelligence of one Step towards our Religion made in this Country which was never attempted openly before, and as that takes, I can be able to give a Guess at the future Success of the *Alcoran*.

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FORNICATION has been long practised in this Country, in Place of Plurality of Wives, and the Lords and great People have lived as avowedly with their *Mistresses*, as they are very properly called here, as any *Mussulman*. And which is more, some Ladies of good Quality and Fortunes have as openly entertained their Gallants, and born Children to them; and some of those Ladies have turned them off, when they had made them thin-chop'd, as they would do another Servant. And both these without any Imputation of Dishonour, in all Appearance; for those Ladies were as well received, at all publick Places, as any of the most virtuous of their Sex; and the Lords were welcome any where but to their Wives; as if the Religion professed here did countenance *Poligamy* and *Concubinage*.

BUT still this was only not inquired into, and some were of Opinion that the Bishops and Clergy might have punished them, or if they could not, that they should have shewed, at least by an Attempt to prosecute them, that they did not approve of such an open Violation of the Laws of Christianity.

BUT now, rejoice *venerable Mollack!* *Fornication* has appeared in full Splendor in this City of late, and a Vindication of it printed and published under no less a Name than that of a **CLERGYMAN**. It is true, that the Wretch who wrote it, and is proud of

of being known for the Author of it, has no more Pretence to holy Orders, than the simple Girls he makes it his Business to decoy. But what then? many may have Occasion to see his Book, with that impudent Frontispiece, who may never have an Opportunity of knowing that he is a Layman; and so the Church may get a Stroke under the fifth Rib by this audacious Scoundrel, which may occasion much Good to the present Generation, by preparing them, as a Call from Heaven, to embrace the Truth of the Religion of *Makomet*.

THE worst thing that attends this Performance is, that the *Goat*, as he calls himself in *Greek*, had not so much Knowledge of the Language as to spell his own Name with proper Letters, having mistaken twice a *Cb* for a *K*, which alters the Sense much in that Language. And the whole Essay is such a stupid Piece of Stuff, that I am not of Opinion that he will make one Profelyte to his Doctrine. And there being nothing of Argument in it, but a fulsome Declaration of his own having sunk any little Reason he may ever have had, and abandoned himself to Lust, both Man and Woman must despise the Beast, and leave him to be punished by Ulcers and a fallen Nose, which he seems to be in as fair a way of procuring in this City as any-where.

BUT what I would observe to thee, *holy Mellack*, is, that we cannot chuse but hope good Success to our *Alcoran* from such a publick Attempt in a Christian Country. And what Pity it was that Mr. *Goat* did not believe the Resurrection, that he might have introduced Whoring as the chief Ingredient of the Happiness of the next Life. But what he has broached may be mended by some Fellow of better Sense: And his Performance may set Nature at work, however stupidly he has treated Reason and Judgment.

BUT whilst I write this, I am informed that there is a Warrant from the Government to seize the Author. I am sorry for it; but they could do no less.

LETTER

 LETTER XIX.

SELIM at London, to MIRZA at Ispahan.

Continuation of the Numidian History.

THE Tyrant having thus far succeeded in his Villany, now disdain'd the Title of Regent or Protector; but being, as he thought, the only Male Branch of the royal Family, he did not look upon the Princess *Rosalinda*, as likely to be in a Condition to snatch the Crown from him. But as by the Laws of the Kingdom, a Female was not bar'd the Succession, he had form'd a Design to marry her to his Son, and therefore, after the Queen had sufficient Time, as he thought, to digest the untimely Fate of her Children, *Vorolandes*, not suspecting that she had any Distrust of him, pay'd her a Visit, with an Intention to break the Matter to her.

AFTER some very unwelcome Compliments, he told her, that altho' he was now King of *Numidia*, he had still the same Respect for her that he had always profess'd. That he had the Interest of her and her Daughter so much at Heart, that to prevent any Misfortune to the Kingdom, by any foreign

Alliance with an ambitious Prince, whose Friendship was incompatible with the Interest of the Kingdom, he had found out an Expedient to prevent any Inconvenience that might happen upon that Score, and he hop'd her Majesty would be wiser than to oppose it. Then he told her, that the only Way to obviate all the Mischiefs which might threaten the State was, to marry the Princess *Rosalinda* to his Son, which was the most honourable, reasonable, and advantageous Match she could think to procure for her.

THE Queen was not only inwardly fretted at the Impudence of the Proposal, but hated, as may well be suppos'd, the very Sight of the Butcher of her Children; yet being a Lady of consummate Prudence, she kept such Guard over her Passions, that she bewray'd no Jealousy of his treasonable Practices. All the Answer she made him was, That the Matter he propos'd to her was of such Consequence, that it was not fit for her to undertake to determine any Thing in it of herself: For altho' she was Mother to *Rosalinda*, she had no Right to dispose of the Queen of *Numidia*. That it was the Business of the States of the Kingdom to treat of a Marriage for their Queen, and they might justly blame her if she should pretend to marry her without their Consent. Besides, she said, That her Daughter was but a Child, as well as his Son; and as every one had a Right

Right to have their own Consent ask'd, in an Affair of that Consequence that Marriage was, she was of Opinion, it were better for both of them, to wait for some Years, that they might be capable of being consulted, and their own Inclinations founded, before they enter'd under Obligations which might prove inconvenient or intolerable to one or other of them, and perhaps to both.

ALTHO' *Vorolandes* could not but own that there was a great deal of Reason in what she said, yet her insisting upon her Daughter's Right to the Crown gall'd him beyond measure. However he seem'd to acquiesce in the Reasons she had given for the Delay, and took Leave of her in a very respectful Manner. But as he knew well how strong a Party was in the Kingdom for the Princess's Right, and that if an Assembly of the States should be call'd, which *Lomirilla* had hinted, she should have all the old Nobility (who were a considerable Party) in her Interest; he resolv'd, since he had gone so far to secure the Crown to himself, he would not be put by it by a simple Girl. Yet being afraid of irritating the royal Party, he thought to frighten the Queen into the Match as the only Way to have his Pretensions to the Crown made legitimate. But finding all Arts to no Purpose, to win the Queen over to his Design, he made false Rumours to be spread, that the Queen was under-hand carrying

rying on an Intrigue of marrying her Daughter to a *Roman Senator*, in order to bring the Kingdom under the Yoke of that People who had kept them so long in Subjection. Altho' there was no Foundation for the Story, yet by the Management of his Emislaries, it was industriously spread about, and gave him a Handle to confine both the Mother and Daughter, under Pretence of preventing the Plot of the one, and securing the Person of the other; being resolv'd either to force the Queen into his Measures, or to rid himself of her and her Daughter. But she had not been long in that Confinement, when the Rhetorick of her Tears, and the sweet Innocence of the Princess, had such Influence upon *Abosiris*, who had them under his Charge, that he was resolv'd to perish himself, or to free them from Captivity. To this End, one Evening as he came, according to Custom, to receive the Queen's Orders, finding her all in Tears, he fell upon his Knees before her, and beg'd of her to comfort herself, with the Assurance of being soon deliver'd, by his Means, from *Vorolandes's* Power. *Lomirilla* seeing all the Marks of Sincerity in his Words and Behaviour, thank'd him for his kind Design, and encourag'd him to put it in Execution, by all the Assurances she could give him of his being well rewarded by her Father, the King of *Mauritania*, if he could convey her and her Daughter thither. But,
because

because she could not think of making the Journey by Land, for fear of falling into the *Usurper's* Power, she advis'd him to consult with *Merobanes* about doing it by Sea, which *Abosiris* agreeing to, the Queen wrote a Letter to *Merobanes*, which the generous Captain took Care to deliver in the most secret Manner, and having convers'd together for some Time, *Merobanes* giving intire Credit to *Abosiris*, undertook to get a Frigate ready against such a Set Time, desiring *Abosiris* to prepare every Thing for the Night fix'd; which was so punctually perform'd, that *Abosiris*, with only two Soldiers whom he trusted, brought the Queen and Princess, and one of the Queen's Maids to the Shore, at the Time and Place agreed upon; where they found *Merobanes* with the Master of the Ship waiting their coming; and because no Time was to be lost, the Master's Pinnace being at Shore, well man'd, they all went aboard, where *Merobanes* taking Leave of the Queen, who had often recommended to him her dear *Hyempsal*, came a-Shore in a Boat he had provided for himself, and the Ship weighing Anchor, soon left the Coast of *Numidia*. What became of them afterwards Time will discover; but it is now fit to return to *Hyempsal*.

L E T-

L E T T E R XX.

SELIM *at* London, *to* MIRZA *at* Ispahan.*Of Truth.*

THE *English* are great *Virtuosi* in Pictures and Statues, and some of them understand them thoroughly well. You may see in the Houses of People of Fashion many capital Pictures, Originals, and in others tolerable good Copies from the greatest Masters. Most of these Pictures are naked, yet give no Offence, there being nothing of Lewdness expressed in most of them, except where *Jupiter* or some of his Family are concern'd.

THIS Taste for naked Pictures produced an Adventure t'other Day which is worthy hearing.

AT a Noble-man's House, (where there is a fine Collection of the first-rate Pictures) as several of the first Quality were examining them with great Curiosity, and commending them according to their several Fancies, one Gentleman said they were indeed fine Pictures, and chosen with great Judgment; but with all Deference to his Lordship's Skill,
he

he thought he had a Picture which did not come behind the best of his Collection. And pray, said my Lord, where has this Picture lurk'd, that we have not heard that you had such a famous Piece? Indeed, said the Gentleman, it is but very lately that I came to the Knowledge of it myself, for it had been concealed in the Corner of a Study, and cover'd with Rubbish for God knows how many Years, till very lately that I discovered it folded up within the Cover of a large Folio Bible, which had not seen the Light in my Time. Having dusted the Book, and opened it, I found this Picture, which upon a strict Examination I am persuaded is an Original, and by the *Greek* Inscription is very ancient. But that you may not take my Word for it, let the Picture speak for itself. At this he called his Servant, who brought him a long Box, in which was the Picture roll'd up. Assoon as it was opened, it shewed to be a Woman, not such as a *Venus* or a *Cleopatra* represent, but rather a Matron-like Beauty, which strikes an Awe, and commands Respect, at the same Time that it creates Love and Esteem. The Eyes were fixed towards an Hieroglyphic in a Cloud, not with that ecstatic Devotion with which they paint *Magdalens*, but with a steady Composure, and pleasant Aspect, whilst her Hand was putting back some rich Presents which were presented to her. Round
her

her Head was a Glory, and without that, these Letters in Capitals, H ΓΥΜΝΗ ΑΛΗΘΕΙΑ, *Naked Truth*.

ALL that were present looked very earnestly at the Picture, and most of them agreed it was an Original, and without Doubt a Piece of great Antiquity, and yet the Colouring very fresh. But alter they had view'd it all round, my Lord told the Gentleman, that it was indeed *a valuable Piece for those who studied Antiquity, but it was not for the present Age. It would be called a Gothic Taste, and would give the World a wrong Turn.* He therefore advised him to put his Picture in his Bible again, and lay them both in some safe Place in his Study from publick View; for *as few of the Moderns cared for Greek Inscriptions, especially upon Pictures, perhaps it might be innuendo'd into some dangerous Design against the Act of Toleration, or the Interest of the Protestant Dissenters. Besides it was very indecent to have TRUTH NAKED, for if some of the Great People should fall in Love with her, who knows what might ensue: As for his Part, he would not for a great deal of Money have such a Picture in his Collection, for some Reasons which he did not care to give. Only in general he thought, Truth ought to be VEIL'D at least, for NAKED TRUTH was quite out of Fashion, and whoever would attempt to bring her in Vogue, must expect to have a World of Enemies*

Enemies upon his Back. So the Gentleman rolled up his Picture, and put it in the Box; but it was observable, that several of the Ladies seem'd to admire it, and thought it a Pity that there was not one of them in every House of Quality in *England*.

L E T T E R X X I .

SELIM at London, to MIRZA at Ispahan.

The Numidian History continu'd.

MEROBANES having conveyed *Hyemp-sal*, as was said, to his Country-house, under Pretence of the Recovery of his Health, by the Name of *Melmedor*, kept him there for two or three Years, dividing his own Time between *Cirta* and that House, that there might be no Umbrage taken of his true Birth; and when, by the Change which one or two Years makes upon Children of the Age of six or seven, he was out of Danger of being known, he brought him to *Cirta*, to be there educated as was suitable to his supposed Quality.

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HIS

HIS tender Age, at the Time when *Merobanes* got the Charge of him, hinder'd him from knowing who he was; and as he believed himself to be *Melmedor*, he was as subject to *Merobanes*, as if he had been indeed his Son, and as affectionate to *Maderbal*, the other Son of *Merobanes*, as if he had truly been his Brother. But such a Spirit soon appear'd, even in Childhood, in the counterfeit *Melmedor*, as outshin'd not only *Maderbal*, but all the young Nobility with whom he conversed. So that *Merobanes*, *A-dromedal*, and *Beruthan* (who were the only Persons, except *Merobanes's* Lady, that were privy to his Birth) admired the Virtues of *Hiarbes* and *Lomirilla* in this their Son. For, he not only exceeded all the Nobility of his own Age, in Quickness of Wit, and in Capacity of imbibing the first Elements of Learning of all Kinds; but he was animated by such an heroick Spirit, that his very Air, Gate, and Behaviour, in his childish Sports, added a Grace to all his Actions, which begot a Love and Respect not only among the Children of his own Years, but was the Admiration of those of maturer Age.

MEROBANES took Care to get Masters for him, capable of instructing him in all that was fit for a Prince to know; and he who was principally trusted with his Education, was a Person of approved Probity, and well

well acquainted with polite Learning, but more especially vers'd in the Laws of *Numidia*, which he well judged was the most necessary Part of Education for a Prince to be acquainted with, who he hoped was one Day to be his King. That Gentleman took all the Pains imaginable to form his young Mind to Virtue, and his Body to Labour, which he himself seem'd inclined to: And *Merobanes*, to second the good Instructions of his Governor, us'd to hear the young *Melmedor* rehearse one of *Æsop's* Fables, (which his Tutor had made him read in the Morning) and give the Moral of it, as his Governor had taught him. But it happen'd one Day that *Merobanes* desired to know the Moral of the Fable he had read, at a Time when the young Gentleman's Head was employed upon something else: *Melmedor* was at first surpris'd at the Question, and blush'd, but, finding that his Governor did not offer to help him out, he quickly recover'd himself, and made a Moral out of his own Head, not unworthy of a Person of riper Years, for he was at this time but seven Years old.

BUT *Merobanes* being willing to give his active Spirit room to exert itself, and likewise to give him Exercise, allowed him to frequent the Company of other Boys of noble Birth, of which there was a great Number in *Cirta*, that being the Metropolis of the

Kingdom. But such was the Superiority of *Melmedor's* Genius, over all the others, that altho' there were many of them who thought themselves of as good Quality, and really were more advanced in Years, yet they unanimously chose *Melmedor* for their King, to govern all their Sports and Games, and to be Umpire in all their childish Debates: Which Character he maintained with such a surprising Majesty, and becoming Dignity, as made *Merobanes*, and his two Friends (who often talked of the Stories they heard of him every Day) believe, that Princes have something of Divine born with them, if some accidental or acquired Alloy does not stop the Growth of it.

SOMETIMES he would act the Part of a General, and have his little Army drawn up in Order of Battle: At other times he would have a Throne erected, whereon he sat with great Majesty, to receive some of his Fellow-boys, who personated Ambassadors from other Kings: And sometimes he would sit in Judgment, and having heard the Complaints of such as were injured, gave Sentence against Delinquents with great Authority.

IT happen'd, one Day, as a Boy (whom he had sentenced to be chastised, for some Wrong done to another) was suffering the Punishment, that *Vorolandes* passed by, from hunting. He stop'd to ask why they chastis'd that

that Boy? Upon this Demand, *Hyempfal* stepping forth, undaunted, answer'd, *Because I have commanded it.* And who are you, my Child? said *Vorolandes*. *A King*, replied he. And who made you a King? said *Vorolandes*. *Not Usurpation but Right*, answer'd *Hyempfal*. And how do you maintain that Right? said *Vorolandes*. *By my Sword, and my Soldiers*, said the other. And who are your Soldiers? said *Vorolandes*. *These you see with me*, replied *Hyempfal*. That Arm, my Child, said *Vorolandes* smiling, is too weak to wield a Sword, and those Soldiers too few to support a Throne. *My Enemies shall find them strong enough*, answered *Hyempfal*, *whenever they offer to invade me.* Whose Son is this sprightly Boy? said *Vorolandes* to those about him; and being told he was *Merobanes's*, this Boy, said he, has a Genius far above his Years, and a Spirit too great for the Son of *Merobanes*.

THIS Conversation coming to *Merobanes's* Ears, he could not look upon the Words of *Hyempfal* (in which he had, unknown to himself, tax'd *Vorolandes* of *Usurpation*, and threaten'd him as an *Enemy*) to be any other than a prophetic Rapture, or dictated as the Oracles are said to be. But, on the other hand, considering upon how weak Grounds guilty Consciences take the Alarm, and that the same Words, which are scarcely taken notice of by common Ears, roar like Thun-

der in the Bowels of the guilty, he was under some Apprehension, that the extraordinary Spirit which *Vorolandes* had taken notice of, might prompt him to examine more narrowly into the State of the Child : To prevent which, he resolved to put him out of the Usurper's Power. Having therefore given out, that he designed to send his two Sons into *Greece*, for their Education, he conveyed them secretly into *Mauritania*, where having shewed the King the Writing he had received from Queen *Lomirilla*, he delivered *Hyempsal* into his Grandfather's Hands, but desired his Birth and Quality might be kept a Secret, till the King's Affairs, and the Circumstances of *Hyempsal*'s Friends at home, might make it proper to divulge them. *Merobanes* therefore, leaving *Hyempsal*, and his Son *Maderbal*, with *Juba*, but under borrowed Names, not material to mention, returned to *Numidia*, waiting for a lucky Opportunity to raise the Prince to his Father's Throne.

IN the mean time, *Vorolandes*, under Pretence of Fear of an Invasion from *Mauritania*, or some other Kingdom, at the Solicitation of *Lomirilla* and her Daughter *Rosalinda*, who, as he alledged, were privately entertained by some neighbouring King, (altho' indeed her Father knew not where they were, and most People in *Numidia* believed they had followed the Fate of *Mesa-*
nes

nes and *Juba*;) Upon this Pretence, I say, *Vorolandes* kept up a standing Army, and kept the Fleet in Pay, without having any thing to do with them, that any one could find out, for they were no Protection to Trade; and *Vorolandes* not daring to fall out with any of his Neighbours, lest if he were engaged in a War, he should find a Party at home too strong for him to contend with, suffer'd his Subjects to be insulted and pillaged, in the Sight of his Ships of War: And knowing that *Merobanes* would rather forfeit his Life than suffer such Affronts, altho' he did not turn him out of his Office of Admiral, yet he turned the Fleet into Squadrons, and employed Under-admirals to command them, who minded more *Vorolandes*'s Favour than their own Honour, or the Interest of the Country: So that the keeping up great Forces, by Sea and Land, in a Time of profound Peace, was the Occasion of great Murmuring thro' the whole Kingdom; for this obliged him to burden the Nation with heavy Taxes, and to do other Acts of arbitrary Power, which a lawful King would have neither had Inclination nor Reason for doing. But the Army so over-aw'd the Country, that they indured the Oppression, because they could not help it.

L E T T E R XXII.SELIM *at* London, *to* MIRZA *at* Ispahan.*Of Charity.*

I AM credibly informed, that there is a considerable Sum of Money gather'd every Year in this great City, for charitable Uses ; and if it were prudently bestowed, it would be sufficient to maintain all the real Objects of Charity who ought to be reliev'd ; and such as are able to work, but refuse to labour out of Idleness or Laziness, ought to be sent to Houses of Correction, and oblig'd to help to maintain others, whose Want of Health or Age renders them incapable of Labour.

BUT I have been told that there are great Complaints of the Collectors of this Charity Money, as People who eat and drink a great Part of the Money they collect, in Dinners and Collations, at a Tavern, where they meet upon every trifling Occasion, to spend three or four Crowns, perhaps Pounds, of the Charity-Money, upon their own Carcases.

BUT

BUT the most extravagant Piece of Charity here, is their encouraging a Shoal of *German* Beggars, who strole up and down the Streets in Clusters.

I was the other Day in several Streets with a Friend, and in less than an Hour we saw three different Gangs of such Vermine, who daily land, and are encouraged to infest the Country. And which would make me like them the worse, their Manner of begging is with the hypocritical Grimace of Religion; for they crowd up People's Doors, chanting Psalms and Hymns along the Streets, which they call Devotion.

IF there were any Reason to believe, that such Rascals had any Religion, I question whether many Houses, who now give them Money, would spare one Penny to them; but as their Street-singing is a Banter upon Religion, and mimicking the Ballad-singing, practised with more Decency in the Streets, by the *English*, I doubt not but many People hire them to carry on the Farce, to give them a new Handle to ridicule all Religion.

JUST so the *English* were prodigiously fond of the *French* Refugees, and afterwards of the *Palatines*; and they were all, in former Reigns, extremely caress'd as most devout Confessors for what is abusively called the Protestant Religion. But the Church of *England* had little Reason to rejoice in such Buttresses, and indeed great Numbers of
them

them were Papists, and left their own dear Country, because they could not live comfortably in it. And when by the Indulgence of the *English* they had learned several of their Manufactures, they went back again, to let their own Country People into the Secret, which they now understand as well as the *English*, to the great Advance of the Trade of this Country. And the Foreigners who live here, and have got into Trade, must get rich a great deal sooner than the *English*, with the same Proportion of Custom, because they can live, at a moderate Computation, one third cheaper than the *English*, and consequently may undersell them in their own Markets.

WE are told that our present religious Ballad-mongers are to strengthen the *English* Interest in the South Parts of *Carolina*; if I had any Interest in that Country, I should be more afraid of *Georgia's* swallowing up the Country of *Carolina*, than being of any Advantage to it; for I know no Attachment a Set of Foreigners can have to *England*, who have not an Inch of Land in it. But the *English* are wondrous hospitable.

 LETTER XXIII.

SELIM at London, to MIRZA at Ispahan.

Continuation of the Numidian History.

WHILST *Vorolandes* thus acted the Tyrant in *Numidia*, *Hyempfal* being now arriv'd to 17 Years of Age, *Merobanes* thinking it Time to discover to him his true Quality, took another Journey to *Juba's* Court; whete he reveal'd to him the Secret before his Grandfather, who own'd his Daughter's hand-writing, and embrac'd *Hyempfal* as his Grandson.

HIS great Heart made him form Designs of recovering his Kingdom, but finding no Inclination in his Grandfather to invade *Numidia* (at least not at that Time) by Reason of some other Interests he had in view, which he said made it impracticable for him; he would stay no longer in *Mauritania*, but resolv'd to travel into *Europe*, where he might have an Opportunity, both of acquainting himself with the Customs and Manners of foreign Countries, and of learning the Art of War. Having therefore communicated his Thoughts to *Merobanes*, and likewise desired

fired that he would allow him to take his dear Brother *Maderbal* with him; *Merobanes* having heard from his Prince the whole Plan he had laid down, he went to the King, and soon obtain'd his Consent to it: So that all Things necessary for their Voyage being quickly got ready, *Merobanes* accompany'd them to the Sea Shore, where they ship'd first for *Sardinia*; but having no Inclination to that Court, they made but a short Stay, *Hyempsal* being eager to go to some Place where he might have Occasion to exercise that Courage which was natural to him. To this End they went to *Sicily*, where they soon distinguish'd themselves by their Valour; *Maderbal* striving to follow the noble Example his Prince gave him, and having no other Fear, but that *Hyempsal's* Ardour for martial Exploits, might too much hazard a Life of so great Importance, follow'd him thro' all Dangers where he could not keep him back, to help to preserve what was so dear to him.

BUT as Justice was as much priz'd by *Hyempsal* as Love of Glory, and that he judg'd well, that true Glory was inseparable from Justice, and that Victory in an unjust Quarrel was but Oppression; as soon as he came to understand that the Side he had engag'd in had not a good and just Foundation for their making War, he would no longer support them; But as the Civilities he had receiv'd

ceiv'd from the Chiefs of the Army were extraordinary, he thought he could not in Honour fight against them: he therefore withdrew out of *Sicily*, intending to see that once so famous Mistress of the World, and then to make the Tour of *Greece*.

WHILST they were in *Sicily*, *Vorolandes* having an Affair to transact in *Lusitania*, which requir'd Courage and good Sense, and knowing no-body fitter for such an Embassy than *Merobanes*, it being a Matter in which the good of *Numidia* was concern'd, more than the particular Interest of the *Usurper*, he gave him a Commission to sail thither, with four Ships of the Fleet. *Merobanes* executed the Commission, like a Man who had the Interest of his Country at Heart, and having put a Period to it, according to his Wish, in his Return Home, he had scarcely past the Streights, which take their Name from *Hercules*, when he was set upon by six light Vessels. As soon as he perceiv'd that they bore down upon him, he order'd most of his Men to conceal themselves under Hatches, and not to appear till he gave the Signal by the Sound of his Trumpets. The Pirates (for such they were) seeing so small a Number of Men appear upon Deck, very confidently attack'd them, and the Captain himself made up to *Merobanes's* Ship, which making no Shew of Resistance, he thought to board her; but as soon as the Pirate came

up so as to grapple with her, the Trumpets founding by the Admiral's Order, his Men in an Instant appear'd with their Arms in their Hands, and whilst the Pirate prepar'd to board *Merobanes*, he prevented him by leaping into his Ship, and being bravely seconded by his Men, made such Havock of the Pirates upon their own Deck, that their Captain being knock'd down, they threw down their Arms and beg'd for Mercy. The other Ships seeing their Captain's Ship taken, and not being able to give him Assistance, being so hotly engag'd by the other three *Numidian* Ships, after a short Skirmish betook themselves to Flight, and being lighter Vessels than the *Numidians* they escap'd.

MEROBANES having brought the Captain aboard his own Ship, distributed the rest of the Pirate's Crew among the other three Ships, and gave Order to search the Pirates Ship; which being done, they brought him an Account that they had found a Prisoner in Chains. *Merobanes* having brought the Captain of the Pirate, (who was recover'd of the Blow he had receiv'd with a Boat-hook) into his Cabin, ask'd him who he was, and to what Country he belong'd? the Captain told him his Name was *Gomelistes*, that he was a Gentleman of *Sardinia*, who by Misfortunes and ill Usage, had been oblig'd to leave his Country, and had, for some Time, rovd along the *Mediterranean*, making Prize of all Ships

Ships which came in his Way, and that he supported himself and the People under his Command by making Merchandise of the Goods he found aboard his Prizes, and by selling the Men for Slaves. *Merobanes* ask'd him, who the Person was whom his Man had found in Chains in his Ship? *Gomelistes* reply'd, he knew no more of him than his having been taken in a Ship bound from *Sicily* to *Mauritania*, and when he found that he design'd to sell him in *Numidia*, he had offer'd a very great Ransom to be carried to *Haresgol* in *Mauritania*, where he had Credit with some Factors. *Merobanes* having this Account of the Prisoner, and believing by the Ransom he had offer'd, that he was a Gentleman, order'd him to be brought before him, with a Design to set him at Liberty without Ransom: But how was he surpris'd, when in the Person of this Prisoner, he found *Rubeno*, the Groom of the Prince's Chamber, who had disappeared that very Morning that *Mefanes* and *Juba* had been found dead in their Beds; he had often seen him about them, and knew him at first Sight. Nor was *Rubeno* less thunder-struck at the Sight of *Merobanes*, whom he knew to have been always well dispos'd to the royal Family. His Confusion confirm'd *Merobanes* in his former Opinion of his Guilt; but as he was a Man of great Prudence he said nothing to *Rubeno*, but calling his Lieutenant,

bid him take Care of that Prisoner, and let no-body converse with him till farther Orders.

AS soon as he had given this Order, he turn'd to *Gomelistes*, to whom he spoke after the following Manner. ' *Gomelistes*, altho' I can not approve of your Way of Life, which I must tell you is beneath a Gentleman, and a Man of Honour, as you say you are, and as you seem to be; yet since the Gods have made you the Instrument to deliver this Prisoner into my Hands, I give you your Liberty, with your Ship and all your Men; but upon this Condition which if you are indeed a Man of Honour you will not violate) *viz.* that whilst you find it necessary to continue in this Way of Life you will not hurt a *Numidian*. If you are a Gentleman, you will not only make this Promise to *Merobanes*, Admiral of *Numidia*, but you will think yourself oblig'd to make it good, for the Freedom he now gives you. My Lord, reply'd *Gomelistes*, the Favour I now receive of my Liberty, so unexpectedly at your Hands, deserves to be repaid by every Thing that is in my Power; And I give you my Word and Honour, which if I were better known to you, you would find I have greater Regard to than might be thought in a Man of my Profession, that I shall not only inviolably perform the Condition you impose upon me, but

‘ but shall labour with my utmost Diligence
 ‘ to let my Lord *Merobanes* see that I am ca-
 ‘ pable of resenting an Obligation. As soon
 as the Pirate had spoken these Words, *Mero-*
banes gave Orders to clear his Ship, and to
 release all his Men, which being done accor-
 ding, *Gomelistes* gave the Admiral a Box
 which he had taken from *Rubeno*, telling
 him, that since he seem’d to have so much
 Interest in that Prisoner, he thought himself
 oblig’d to give him every Thing which be-
 long’d to him, as a small Token of his Gra-
 titude for his own Liberty; assuring him that
 it had never been touch’d since it came into
 his Hands. *Merobanes* thank’d *Gomelistes*
 for that Present; and told him, That per-
 haps Fame might afterwards bring to his
 Knowledge the Story of the Prisoner which
 he was not at Liberty to tell him at present.
 After this, *Gomelistes* taking Leave of *Mero-*
banes, with all the Expressions of Esteem and
 Gratitude, *Merobanes* holding on his Course
 for the Coast of *Numidia*, arriv’d there in a
 short Time.

AS soon as the Ships had cast Anchor in
 the Bay, *Merobanes* went a-shore, leaving pri-
 vate Instructions with his Lieutenant to bring
Rubeno to his House, in the Night, which
 was accordingly perform’d. And *Merobanes*
 having given an Account to *Vorolandes* of his
 Negotiation in *Lusitania*, sent Letters to *A-*
dromedal and *Beruthan*, to be at his House

in the Evening; who, as soon as it began to be dusky, went thither, and, after a short Congratulation of his safe Return, *Merobanes* gave them to understand by what good Providence *Rubeno* had fallen into his Hands, and having order'd the Box to be brought, and made open in their Presence, they found in it *Vorolandes's* Pass-port dated the very Night in which the Princes were murder'd, together with Bills for more considerable Sums than *Rubeno* could have been suppos'd to have been worth.

THE Night was not far advanced, when the Lieutenant arriv'd with his Prisoner, who, by the Order *Merobanes* had taken, was brought a back Way to the Closet where they were. The Villain was so struck with the Sense of his own Guilt, and the Sight of *Merobanes*, *Adromedal* and *Beruthan*, that, any one might easily see, both in his Looks and Words, plain Indications of his Treason. At first he would have deny'd the Fact, but when he saw that they had the Pass-port in their Hands, and that they threaten'd him with Torture, unless he reveal'd the whole Matter, he, at last, confess'd, That being dazzled with the rich Reward which *Vorolandes* had offer'd, and afterwards gave him, he had consented to the Parricide, and had stifled the two innocent Princes, whilst they were asleep in their different Apartments, to which he, by his Office, had access at all
Hours

Hours. That after he had perform'd that hellish Parricide, having receiv'd the Passport the Evening before, and hir'd a Ship, by Means of a trusty Servant of *Vorolandes's*, he embark'd, and went for *Sicily*, between which and *Mauritania* he had traded ever since, for large Sums, by the Liberality of *Vorolandes*; meeting with no Interruption in his Affairs, to put him in Mind of his Guilt, till about eight Days ago, that he fell into the Hands of *Gomelistes*, and then, by the just Judgment of Heaven, into those of *Merobanes*, to suffer the Punishment due to his Crime.

AFTER this Confession which he gave first by Word of Mouth, and then under his Hand, *Merobanes* shut him up in a Vault to be reserv'd to give Evidence to *Vorolandes's* Treason; and the three Friends having farther consulted what was to be done; it was agreed that each of them should speak to as many of the old Nobility, as they knew faithful to the Remains of the royal Family, and having told them the present Posture of Affairs, to desire a general Meeting at *Merobanes's* House.

ACCORDINGLY, some Nights after, *Adromedal* and *Beruthan*, with about twenty of the First Families of *Numidia*, met at *Merobanes's*; where after a short Speech, setting forth the Tyranny and Oppression of the present Administration, by which *Numidia*, once so flourishing a Kingdom under their lawful Monarchs,

Monarchs, was like to be reduced to Beggary, and consequently to Slavery by a base Usurper, who had murder'd the Sons of the great *Hiarbes*, to whom he had been made Guardian, *Merobanes* said he had desir'd this Meeting to give them what he thought Proof sufficient, which he would now convince them of; and so after he had shew'd them *Rubeno's* Confession, and *Vorolandes's* Pass, he order'd the Prisoner to be brought before them, who being known to every one of them, confirm'd the former Confession by repeating it again, and answering to such Questions, as any of the Lords thought fit to put to him, and thereby fully convinced them all of the Truth of the Fact, of which they had entertain'd just Suspicion before.

RUBENO being remitted to his Prison, *Merobanes* proceeded to tell them, that there was no Prospect of having Justice done upon *Vorolandes*, in the common Course of Law, there was a Necessity of arming in order to force him to a Trial; and to animate them the more to betake themselves to Arms, he had another Secret to reveal to them, upon their Honour not to disclose it, till they should have an Army to support the Discovery. The Lords present having all promis'd, upon their Honour, to keep it secret, *Merobanes* discover'd to them, the Change of *Hyempsal* for his Son *Melmedor*, and having shew'd them the Deed of Trust, under the
Queen's

Queen's Hand and Seal, witness'd by *Adromedal* and *Beruthan*, who confirm'd the Truth of it, he farther shew'd them Letters, which he had receiv'd at several times from the Prince, who he said was then in *Sicily*.

THE Lords were much surpriz'd at this Discovery, but being satisfy'd of the Honour and Integrity of *Merobanes*, *Adromedal* and *Beruthan*, and many of them knowing the Queen's hand-writing, they express'd their Joy for the Preservation of one of *Hiarbes's* Sons, and their Detestation for the Traitor, who had murder'd the others: And, at *Merobanes's* Desire, gave their several Opinions concerning the Measures to be taken to bring him to Justice. They all agreed, that it was to be done by Force of Arms; but some were of Opinion that there was a Necessity of a foreign Force, because of the standing Army which *Vorolandes* had at his Command. But to that *Adromedal* answer'd, That they could not expect Assistance from any foreign State, except from *Mauritania*, and that King was too much involv'd by his own Affairs, to send any Army to them; besides that *Vorolandes* would take the Alarm at *Juba's* raising Troops, which might make him take such Measures at Home, as might put it out of their Power to bring their Forces together, whilst he would be daily augmenting his. Several of the Lords gave their Opinions; but at last the Majority (to whom the others came

came over) were for arming secretly, without expecting any foreign Force, and so a certain Day was fix'd for the Rendezvous, about twenty Miles distant from *Cirta*. And having appointed *Beruthan*, as a Person best acquainted with the Laws, to have a Manifesto ready against that Time, and *Mero-banes* and *Adromedal* to command the Fleet and Army, they dispers'd to make the necessary Preparations for their bringing *Vorolandes* to Justice.

L E T T E R XXIV.

SELIM at London, to MIRZA at Isfahan.

Of King CHARLES I.

I TOLD thee, my dear *Mirza*, that I had changed my Opinion with regard to the *STUART* Family, and I gave my Reasons for it. I have since read *Lord Clarendon's* History of the Reign of that Prince, whom the *Whigs* must have thought the worst of that Race, because they took off his Head. And this History was written by one whom those very *Whigs* have the greater Regard for, as having been the strictest Asserter and greatest Stickler for *Liberty*; a Man whose Veracity *Whigs* of all People never have objected to, and whose Ability, and Opportunities

nities of knowing what he wrote, no-body ever doubted; for he was about that King, and trusted by him, had Access to all the Papers necessary for compiling the History of those Times, and altho' his History was not published till 14 or 15 Years after the Revolution, the original Manuscript is still to be seen in his own Hand-writing. Nor does it differ in the Facts from any History of those Times before the Revolution, unless some scandalous Pamphlets, which spit the Venom of the Party, may be called Histories.

THIS Author, who was not, in the latter Part of his Life, over-much obliged to the *Stuart* Family, wrote a History of the Rebellion against King *Charles* I. and the Exile of King *Charles* II. with the preceding Causes of the Rebellion, &c. In this History he is far from disguising any thing which might be called a Fault in King *Charles* I. But after all, he shews, not only in his Character of him, but in the whole History, that he was a Man of the *strictest* Piety, the most *exact* Justice, *merciful* even to a Fault, and *con-*
descending to his own Ruin. Thou wilt wonder, how such a one should be taxed with *Tyranny* and *arbitrary* Power. But the Case is very plain. They were the factious Rebels, who had a Plot to destroy him, that published scandalous Pamphlets, to poison the Minds of the People against his Government.

vernment. They represented him in their *Conventicle Preachments*, as being in Concert with the Bishop of *Rome*, to subject his Crown to his Authority: But this was only a Trap laid for weak People, who were frighten'd out of their Wits at Popery, without knowing what it was. For the very People who spread this Report, to serve another Design against the Multi, who was in Disgrace with the Party, pretended that one of the best Books against Popery that ever was written, was composed by that High-priest, against his Will, by the King's Command. Thus did those designing Men contradict themselves in their Accounts of that excellent Prince, but every Lye they told of him lasted its Time, and produced the Effect they meant it should; and no Matter for the clashing of one Story with another, they were contrived at different Times, and served their End, which was to blacken the King and his Friends.

BY the same Logic that they made him a *Papist*, they prov'd him a *bloody Tyrant* too, and when by their own Villany they had rais'd War and arm'd his own Militia against him, they laid all the Blood shed in the Civil War to his Charge, when all sober Men whether *English* or Strangers, cry'd shame on them for their Impudence, and were sorry that the King's Abhorrence of Blood, especially the Blood of his Subjects
had

had hindered him so long from calling those Miscreants to Account before they came to such a Head. The noble Historian gives it as a Part of his Character, that *he never did an Act of Injustice in his Life if it was not first disguis'd to him*, and by such whose Business it was to know it. And if their shewing some Things to him, in a false Light, (which yet, *sub judice lis est*) made him do what was afterwards censur'd, by none of the best of Parliaments, as Encroachments upon the Liberty of the People, he shew'd himself ready to pass from them, and to make Reparation to such as were injur'd by all Ways that in Justice or Decency could be desir'd.

BUT the Truth of the whole Affair was this. There was a Party, who first appear'd in Queen *Elizabeth's* Time, under the Name of *Puritans*, who being made up of such who having fled from the Fire and Faggot of Queen *Mary's* Reign, had learn'd *Republican Principles* both in *Church* and *State*, in *Holland*, *Geneva*, and *Frankfort*; these being join'd by *Romish Missionaries*, as is well known, began at first to divide the *Church of England*. But the Wise *Elizabeth* soon stop'd their Mouths, and by *wholesome Severities* (which would have been reckon'd *Tyranny* and *Persecution* under the *Stuarts*) she kept them from biting, during her Reign. And I have been assur'd that if that *Arbi-*
O
trary

trary Prince *James I.* had pursued the same Severity with Regard to the *Puritans*, whom he lov'd as little as she did, there had never been a Rebellion in *England*, but the *Stuart Race* might have made as glorious a Figure upon that Throne as any Family in *Europe*. But his unseasonable and impolitic Suffering the Sectaries to go on with Impunity made them gain Ground, and during his pacifick Reign they grew to such a Head, that his Son's attempting to amend what had been suffer'd to go into Disorder in his Father's Time, was the first Rise of all his Troubles.

I will not trouble thee with a Detail of this tragical Story, but only in general tell thee from that noble Historian (whose History I have read with an equal Mixture of Pleasure and pain) that the Whigs in the North first took Arms, and if the King had suffer'd his *English* Army to have chastiz'd them as they deserv'd, there had been an End of Faction. But his too great Mercy ruin'd him, and the Regard he shew'd to his *Scotch Rebels*, encourag'd the *Faction* in *England*, and (under Pretence of Treating) the Heads of both Parties united their Interests under Hand, and the King trusting to some of the Leaders of them, who under Pretence of being converted to Loyalty by his Majesty's Lenity, betray'd him with his Eyes open; he was undone before he could be perswaded that Men who were nobly born could

could be such Villains as some of those he most trusted, approv'd to be. Thus was one of the best Kings who ever sat upon the Throne of *England*, or perhaps upon any other, run down by a Pack of Villains with a Cry of *Religion* and *Liberty*. But what Sort of *Religion*, and *Freedom*, the Nation enjoy'd very soon appear'd. For no sooner was the King oppress'd, and the *Church of England* destroy'd, but there were more Forms of Religion set up than there were *Gods* in *Egypt*. I could send thee a Catalogue of Names and Sects, which then sprung out of the Spawn of *Legion*, that thou wouldst think I were conjuring. And as for *Liberty*, it consisted in an unlimited Power in those who had got the upper-hand, and as sometimes one Sect, and sometimes another was uppermost, they oppress'd one another in their Turns.

IT is an Admiration to me, that any *Englishman* can read the History of those Times, and not dread the *Principles* and *Practices* which produced such Confusion. For altho' I am as much for *Liberty* as any Man in *England*, and have as great Abhorrence of *Arbitrary Government*, and the *sic volo sic jubeo* of one Man, whether King or Minister, being the Standard of Law and the Rule of Government; I hate Liberty which pretends to be above Law; and I cannot but think a State is undone where a

Multitude of Tyrants bear Sway; which was the Case after the Murder of King *Charles I.* They who called themselves the Parliament (and had by their corrupt Principles and Practices set up a Villain to dictate Laws to them, which they were ready to take from him, *ready drawn up*, to pass into *Ordinances*, with all the Tameness of Spaniels, and still accompanied with *fulsome Encomiums* upon the great Man, as the *Guardian of their Liberties*, and the *Saviour of the Nation*,) soon came to be convinc'd, that he would use them as such abject Flatterers of Persons in Power ought to be. For no sooner had *Old Nol* got a standing Army, by Authority of such a corrupt Set, which he had *vitiis & modis* pack'd together, and call'd a Parliament, (under Colour of the Necessity of Affairs, by which he secretly meant the Necessity of his own Affairs, and supporting his arbitrary Designs, in making the Nation slaves) but he soon gave them to understand, that they were only, what indeed they had made themselves, *Fools* to carry on his *Ambition and Tyranny*; and when he had no further Occasion for fawning, and could make his Soldiers collect the *Excises* which he well knew no *uncorrupted English Parliament* would give him, he sent them a Packing by a Company of Buff Coats, and, as they came, with Precipitation, out of the House, which they had
pro-

prophan'd by their having pretended to be Members of it, he dismiss'd them by a civil *Kick on the B* ——— to the Ring Leaders of them, and they were glad to escape so. And it will always be the Case; where a Man of common Sense has rais'd himself to the *Pinnacle of Power*, by the *Corruption* of those who ought to be the *Guardians of Liberty*, as soon as, by their Means, he has fix'd himself in the Saddle, and sees himself supported by a Force, which, tho' of their giving, is too strong for them to contend with; having no more Occasion for bribing them, he kicks them out, as not worth his taking Notice of. So dangerous as well as dishonourable is it for *Senators* to *sell their Country for private Views*!

THIS successful Rebel thus mounted the Throne of his Master. That is, He *assum'd the whole Power of King and Parliament*, without taking the *Title of King*, and the *Republicans* both in Church and State found themselves disappointed, and instead of having the *Commonwealth of England* modell'd after the Cut of *Holland*, as they had propos'd, they found themselves under a *Monarchy* whose little Finger was more grievous than the Loins of their lawful *Monarchs*, as the noble Historian expresses it.

INDEED we must do this great wicked Man the Justice to say, that he suffer'd no

others to *oppress England*, but himself; and the Subjects of *England* were safe from the *Insults* of all other Nations, both by Sea and Land. Nor did he *keep the Fleet idle*, but sent the several Squadrons to different Parts of the World to protect the Trade of the Nation, and to enlarge it too, particularly in the *West-Indies*, where he join'd *Jamaica* to *England*, which the *English* have kept ever since; and it was by *Mischance*, that the same Fleet did not take *Hispaniola*. And it is to be believ'd, that if the *Dutch* had seiz'd the *Banda* or *Molucca* Islands, or the *Spaniards* or *Portuguese* had *seized* any *English Ships* during his *Usurpation*, he would have let them know, who was *Sovereign of the Seas*.

BUT still the People were *slaves to Arbitrary Power*, and he was a *vile Usurper*, notwithstanding his protecting the Country from all *Tyranny* except his own. In this Manner he govern'd *England* for ten Years after the Murder of his Master, and then dy'd in the full Exercise of Sovereignty, altho' all Ranks of People were heartily weary of him. What follow'd upon his Death I shall tell thee hereafter.

LETTER

L E T T E R XXV.

SELIM at London, to MIRZA at Ispahan.

The Numidian History continu'd.

ALTHO' it was impossible to get an Army together, without some Noise, such as might give Umbrage to *Vorolandes*, yet so well was the Business concerted, and such Care the Promoters of it took, not to be in the Way to be arrested, which might discourage others, that upon the Day of Rendezvous, about 15,000 appear'd at the Place appointed. The greatest Part of them had, without any Noise, march'd at different times, from *Cirta*, and the other nearest Cities; and *Merobanes*, knowing that there was more Occasion for Land Forces at that Juncture, than for any Force at Sea, being well belov'd in the Fleet, had brought no less than 5000 brave Tars to the Standard, which they were to set up in the Name of *Hyempsal* King of *Numidia*.

AT their first Appearance therefore, all the Officers were call'd together, where the *Manifesto*, drawn up by *Beruthan*, was read, signifying the early Attempt of *Vorolandes*,
against

against the Lives of *Mefanes* and *Juba*, by the Hands of *Lamedor*, whom *Merobanes* had call'd from *Mauritania* to be an Evidence of the Design. That his Discovery of it to the Queen, had occasion'd her delivering *Hympsal* to *Merobanes*, all the Circumstances of which, with the Proofs, were contain'd in the *Manifesto*, and attested by the Oaths of *Merobanes*, *Adromedal* and *Beruthan*. Then it proceeded to the Murder of the Princes by *Rubeno*, who was likewise there, and confess'd it, as he had done formerly; and *Vorolandes's* Pass was produced, as an Evidence of the Treason's having been done by his Order, and with his Consent. Then the *Manifesto* went on, to give an Account of the Imprisonment of Queen *Lomirilla*, and the Princess *Rosalinda*, who having been oblig'd, thro' *Vorolandes's* Cruelty, to make their Escape; there having been no Account of them ever since, made it highly probable that they had perish'd at Sea, which Misfortune, if it had happen'd, was likewise chargeable upon the Usurper. Then were recited other Instances of his wicked Administration, and the unhappy State he had brought the Nation to, and the Desolation and Misery it was like to be involv'd in, if not speedily prevented. And therefore, the Lords who had subscrib'd this *Manifesto*, invited all loyal Subjects, and all true hearted *Numidians* to join with them, to get Justice done upon.

upon *Vorolandes* as a *Traitor* and *Murderer*; and as an *Usurper* of the *Right* of their lawful Sovereign *Hyempfal*, whose Cause they desir'd them to assert along with them, promising never to lay down their Arms, till they had restor'd him to the Throne of his Father, their good King *Hiarbes*, and reveng'd the Blood of his royal Brothers, and unjust Imprisonment, and perhaps Death of their Queen and Princess.

THIS *Manifesto* having been read to the Officers, Copies of it were given to them, which they read at the Head of their respective Batalions, so that in a few Hours the whole Army was satisfy'd of the Ground of the Quarrel, and all promis'd to die rather than give it up, till they had fulfill'd the Conditions mention'd in it. And there was nothing heard for some Time, but loud Huzzas's, and *long live HIEMPSAL King of Numidia*.

ADROMEDAL then calling a Council of War, it was agreed immediately to march to *Cirta*, to prevent the joining of the Troops which *Vorolandes* had sent for. But at the same Time, whilst they were upon their March, a Herald was dispatch'd with a Petition to be presented to the Council, if allow'd, and *Beruthan* had taken Care to leave a good Number of Copies of the *Manifesto* in safe Hands in the City to be handed about, and dispers'd when they should be certainly inform'd

inform'd, that the Army had proclaim'd the King, and was near *Cirta*.

THE Herald was admitted to enter the City, but attended with a Guard to hinder his speaking to any one. As soon as he came before the Council, he presented the Petition address'd to the Council, without naming *Vorolandes*, demanding a free Audience, upon Affairs of the utmost Consequence to the Peace and Happiness of the Kingdom. To this *Vorolandes* answer'd, That Petitions back'd with Arms look'd liker Commands than Petitions. But altho' he might justly tax the Lords from whom he came, with Insolence and ill Manners in taking no Notice of him, their lawful King, in their Petition, yet he had such Regard to the Peace of the Kingdom, that if they would disband their Army, and come in a peaceable Manner, they should have an Indemnity for what was past, provided they could shew a good Reason for their thus assembling; but he bid him assure them, that unless they forthwith laid down their Arms, they should be proclaim'd Traitors, and be proceeded against with the utmost Rigour of the Law. The Herald, according to his Instructions, said, That the nature of the Matters the Lords were to communicate to the Council, was such, as they could not declare, unless they were admitted to a free Council, which they could not expect, whilst there were Forces in the City,
unless

unless they should be allow'd to bring an equal Number of theirs. He declar'd, in their Name, That they had no other Intention, but to secure the Peace and Liberty of *Numidia*, and to settle the Constitution upon its ancient Foundation, by prosecuting some Delinquents by the known Laws of the Land. But the Council being for the most part, *Vorolandes's* Creatures, commanded him to leave the City forthwith, and carry the King's Orders to the Army to disband, and then the Lords might come and demand Justice.

THE Herald being able to procure no other Answer, as had been foreseen by the Lords, left the City, but, according to his Instructions, after he was out of the Gates, he proclaim'd War against *Vorolandes* (by a Trumpet who waited for him there) in the Name of *Hyempfal* King of *Numidia*, which was to be the Signal for those who were entrusted with the *Manifesto*, to disperse the Copies of it thro' the City, which was accordingly done, so that before the Council broke up, there was a Copy of it brought to *Vorolandes*. Who, altho' he was struck, as with a Thunderbolt, at that Part of it which mention'd *Lamedor* and *Rubeno*, which his guilty Conscience knew to be true, yet he made Use of the Story of *Hyempfal*, (which he had not suspected, and which had never before that, been known to above four Persons

sons in *Numidia*,) to invalidate the others: Pretending to the Council, that the Lords could find no Colour for their Rebellion (as he call'd it) but by raising the Dead, for that *Hyempsal* had dy'd as all *Numidia* knew, many Years before, in his Mother's Arms, and had been bury'd in the Face of the World, and therefore the Falshood of that Part of the *Manifesto*, was a sufficient Demonstration of the Malice and Villapy of all the Rest.

WHILST *Vorolandes* thus endeavour'd to vindicate himself in the Council, and in the City of *Cirta*, the Army of the Loyalists arriv'd, in Sight of the City, and summon'd it to surrender. But *Vorolandes* set Guards at all Gates, and resolving to protract the Time, till his other Forces should arrive, only set out small Parties to keep them in Play. But those Parties were beaten as oft as they sallied. *Adromedal* having Intelligence that a Body of 6000 Men were coming to reinforce *Vorolandes's* Party, resolv'd to send an equal Number to intercept them, and *Merobanes* desiring it might be left to him with his Tars, to give a good Account of them, the Command was given to him, only the General desir'd he would take 500 Horse to assist him. With this Body of 5500 *Merobanes* march'd out to meet the Party of 6000, and having taken up his Post, in the most advantageous Ground, he waited their coming,
and

and as soon as they appear'd, putting his Men in Order of Battle, he attack'd them, and the brave Tars, seconding well their Admiral's Valour, and the Justice of the Cause, fell in among the regular Forces, with a Courage which daunted the stoutest of of them, hewing them down with their Cut-laces and Battle Axes: yet they stood their Ground, for some Time, with great Bravery. But their Officers, who had been put over them by *Vorolandes*, not (for their Service, but for being his Creatures,) not enduring the terrible Blows given by *Merobanes's* Men, slunk into the Rear to save themselves, leaving their Soldiers without any Command, which one Officer, who had kept his Post perceiving, and knowing *Merobanes*, who happen'd to be near him, and both by Words and Example encourag'd his Men, call'd aloud to him. "My Lord *Merobanes*, spare
 " the Blood of the *Numidians*, who love
 " the Memory of our good King *Hiarbes*,
 " and Honour your Virtue." *Merobanes*, knowing that there were many in *Vorolandes's* Army, who only serv'd him, because they had no other Way of Subsistence, call'd to his Men to halt. And turning to that Officer, 'Sir, said he, I have as great Regard for the meanest *Numidian*, as you can wish me to have, and if your whole Army will shew any Regard to the Memory of *Hiarbes*, by joining with us, to get Justice
 P done

‘done upon the Butcher of his Family, and
‘to promote the Delivery of your Country
‘from Slavery, and Arbitrary Power, there
‘shall not a Stroke be struck further on our
‘Side: But what you do, must be put in
‘Execution this Instant, for it is not Time
‘to dally, nor will I be caught by Words.’ ‘I
‘can only Answer for myself and for those
‘under my Command,’ Reply’d the Officer.
And so turning to his Soldiers, ‘They who
‘love *Justice* and *Truth*, cry’d he, follow me.’
And so dropping the Point of his Partisan,
he went and joyn’d *Merobanes*, who receiv’d
him with open Arms. His Example was
follow’d by the whole Regiment, the Officers
who had deserted their Posts, having fled to
any Place of Shelter they could find. And
thus recruited, *Merobanes* turn’d to other
Places where his Assistance was necessary.
But, by the Advice of the Officer who had
joyn’d him, he call’d to the contrary Party,
before he attack’d them, and with the most
endearing Expressions, invited them to join
him. His Words, and their seeing one of
the best Regiments in the Service join’d with
Merobanes, had the desir’d Effect. The
greatest Part of the Soldiers chang’d Sides,
and the Rest either threw down their Arms,
and ask’d Quarters, or if they were obsti-
nate were cut to Pieces; so that of all the
6000, not 500 got to *Cirta* to give *Vorolan-*
des an Account of the Defeat. In this Ac-
tion,

tion, *Merobanes* lost about 100 Men at first, but the Enemy had 500 kill'd upon the Spot, and 2000 were made Prisoners. The other 3000 chearfully join'd *Merobanes*; and the Prisoners, after they came to the Camp before *Cirta*, by conversing with their old Comrades, and being satisfied of the Truth of the *Manifesto*, desir'd to be listed, and swore Allegiance to *Hyempsal*.

L E T T E R XXVI.

SELIM *at* London, *to* MIRZA *at* Ispahan.

Of punishing Crimes.

I WAS t'other Day at *Newgate*, which is the Prison for Malefactors here. If thou hast any Notion of Hell in an Uproar, thou may'st suppose it to be that Place. As Thievery and Robbing abound in this Country, most of the Wretches in that Prison were there for those Crimes.

ONE would think that those who are confined to this Prison, and who, for the most part, have deserved Death long before they were seized, would be under some Concern for the Sentence they are pretty sure to undergo. But, my dear *Mirza*, they are no

more affected with it, than thou or I would be for being unjustly condemned for Truth.

BUT do not mistake me; their Obduracy is not a Greatness of Mind, as ours would be; those Infidels, from the time they are imprisoned, keep themselves continually drunk with Spirits, to the time of their Trial; and then, if condemn'd, they drink on till the time of Execution comes, and so go out of the World without Thought, and are dead drunk when they are hung up.

IT was a most mortifying Sight to me, to see so many miserable Creatures, bred in a Country where they believe the Immortality of the Soul, and a future State, so stupidly unconcern'd, when they were sure they had but a few Days to live.

I could hear them cursing and blaspheming after a strange Manner, and the Pots of strong Liquor going about, as if they had met to see their Friends lately come from a long Voyage. Nay, so merry were those Wretches, that they would form Tribunals of their own, and try one another, with all the Formalities of a judicial Process; and the pretended Judge would give his Charge to twelve Men, who are here call'd a *Jury*; and they having heard the Charge, would give their Opinion, whether guilty or not guilty, as if they had been at Liberty, and as innocent Persons, really trying the others who were accused. And I have been told, that

that this sham Trial, made by those Miscreants, prognosticated generally the Fate of their Brethren at the real Trial: So well acquainted they are with the Laws of their Country, altho' they break them.

AFTER I left this hellish Place, my Friend and I went to refresh ourselves; and I told him my Mind freely, concerning the Wretches we had left. He told me, that he had been often thock'd at such Sight; and added, That he thought it a great Oversight in the Laws of his Country, *that Punishments were not adapted sufficiently to the Nature of the Crimes.* For, said he, ' Hanging is the only Penalty for Murder, or such ' heinous Crimes, under Treason; and the ' same Punishment is allow'd for a poor Devil that has stolen, or robb'd to the Value ' of thirteen Pence,' which cannot purchase above a Pint of Wine. ' Now, said he, ' if there were Galleys here, as in other ' Countries, to which those Thieves and Robbers were to be confin'd, according to the ' Nature of their Faults, we should, in a ' great Measure, be free from the Multitude ' of Street Robbers, which infest this City. ' But since we have no Galleys, I think it ' would be worthy of the Consideration of ' the Parliament, to appoint *Work Houses,* ' where such as were taken up for Petty ' Thefts, or even Robberies, (when no Murder was objected to the Delinquents;) and

‘ instead of keeping them hot headed with
‘ strong Liquor, let them be kept to *hard*
‘ *Labour*, and well drub’d, if they were
‘ lazy ; This would be of double Use to
‘ the Publick ; as first, in having the Work
‘ of so many idle Fellows, who are a Nu-
‘ sance to the City, and secondly, it would
‘ prevent a great many Thefts, and Robbe-
‘ ries, which are committed by a Gang of
‘ Vagabonds, who live without thought,
‘ and being bred in Idleness, and having no
‘ Sense of Religion, would think being kept
‘ to *hard Labour*, a greater Punishment than
‘ *hanging*, which they make a Jest of in
‘ *Newgate*.’

I thought *Liberius* was much in the
Right, and I wonder this wise Nation does
not think it worth their While, to make
Use of this, or some such Expedient, to re-
dress this common Malady.

LETTER

L E T T E R XXVII.

SELIM *at* London, *to* MIRZA *at* Ispahan.*The Numidian History continu'd.*

VOROLANDES was no sooner apprish'd of the Desertion of his Army, but he began to think himself in a very dangerous State. He was besieg'd in the Capital City, which was a Place of no great Strength; he was ill assur'd of the Affections of the People; and the Army, on whom he most depended, had shew'd, by the Defection of 5000 of them, what he was to expect from the rest. He consider'd, by this Specimen, that the Rebel Army, as he call'd it, would, in all Probability, increase, not only from the Interest of the Lords who were in it, (who were the most considerable Men of the Kingdom) but likewise from their having an Opportunity to cut off his Army in Parties, or prevail with them to desert, which he had Reason to apprehend, after the Defection of the first, who were commanded by such as were oblig'd to his Favour only, for their Promotion. He, therefore, in a Fit of Dispair, rather than Courage, having muster'd the Train-bands,

Train-bands, as well as the regular Troops, of which the later amounted to 7000, and the former to 10,000, he made a Sally with all his Forces, imagining to be able to surprise the Lords, and so to defeat them. But *Adromedal* and *Merobanes*, with the Assistance of the old Officers (who had been turn'd out of the Army by *Vorolandes*, and were now employ'd in the loyal Army against him) kept such exact Guards, and had their Forces so under Discipline, that they were always ready. Besides, they had so good Intelligence in *Cirta*, that there was nothing done, not even in the Usurper's Councils, but they were apprisd of it, either by Letters fix'd to Arrows shot from the Walls, or by Citizens in the Disguise of Peasants, who brought them Intelligence by Word of Mouth. Being therefore inform'd by a Letter from the Wall (which was taken up by Soldiers appointed to watch, at certain Places, for that Purpose) that *Vorolandes* design'd to attack them, and that his Army was actually forming; *Adromedal* order'd his to be put in order to receive him, and having encourag'd them, by a short Speech, which he made to the several Batalions and Squadrons as he could best be heard, made them wait the Enemy's coming in the most convenient Ground which he could chuse for them.

VOROLANDES, on his Part, omitted nothing that an experienc'd General could do

do to infuse Courage into his Party, and after he had, without any Impediment, drawn them out of the City, where he had left a small Party to secure the Gates, he led them in good Order towards the Enemy, who waited for his Approach.

THE two Armies being join'd, the Battle was fought with great Bravery on both Sides, and *Vorolandes* leading on a Body of regular Troops, either from an Effect of Courage, or Despair, fought with great Resolution and Gallantry, so that he put the left Wing of the loyal Army in great Disorder; which *Merobanes* being inform'd of, came with his brave Tars to their Relief, and charging *Vorolandes*, whom he knew by the Description given of his Armour in the Letter, and whom he saw at the Head of his Men fighting with a Courage, not ordinary for so foul a Conscience, having mounted a led Horse, and taken a strong Lance which his Groom carry'd, 'Tyrant (cry'd he aloud to him) behold the Day which puts an End to thy Usurpation, and tho' thou deserve it to die rather by the Hand of the Executioner, than by that of *Merobanes*; yet since thou hast the Courage to appear in the Field, after all thy Treasons and Wickedness, I will, for once, treat thee like a Soldier.' And so aiming his Lance at the Vizer of his Helmet, he put Spurs to his Horse, run at *Vorolandes* with the utmost Fury,

ry, who, altho' he oppos'd his Shield to the other's Lance, and so prevented his own Death, yet he could not resist the Force of the Stroke, but fell backwards to the Ground; *Vorolandes* was taken by his own People; whilst others of them opposing themselves to *Merobanes's* Valour, lost their Lives to save their Master. The Fall of *Vorolandes* so discourag'd his Party, and *Merobanes* was so enrag'd at his Disappointment in his Design, to have reveng'd the Murder of the Princes, that the Troops of the Tyrant were no longer able to stand before his Marines, and at first began to give Way, and at last turn'd their Backs, and fled to the City.

IN the mean time *Adromedal* had a compleat Victory upon the Right; for having beaten the few regular Forces, who were first sent to attack him, as soon as he came to the Train-bands, whole Companies of them put the Points of their Pikes to the Ground, crying out, *Long live King HYEMPSAL*, which they, who were more in the Interest of *Vorolandes*, perceiving, they threw down their Arms, and fled with Precipitation to the City. *Adromedal*, not to loose so fair an Opportunity, order'd a Body of Horse to pursue them, and to enter the Gates with them, which they were to possess themselves of, but to proceed no farther, till he should be with them, with the rest of the Army. The Project took, as he had laid it. The Fugitives

Fugitives being too considerable to be shut out, and so to fall a Prey to the Enemy, the Gates were open'd to receive them, and a Party sent out to secure their Retreat; but the Body of Horse sent by *Adromedal*, attack'd that Party with such Bravery, that they were forc'd to retreat within the Walls; and the Crowd being such, that they could not shut the Gate when it was once open'd; and perhaps some, who were well-wishers to the juster Side, but had not declar'd openly for it, clamouring loud against exposing their fellow Citizens to the Fury of those without; the Gates being thus kept open, the loyal Horse enter'd with the rest, and (drawing up on both Sides) by the positive Order of *Adromedal* call'd to the Citizens to retire to their Houses, for that it was not the Intention of the Lords to hurt any Man in *Cirta* who behav'd peaceably. And being thus possess'd of that Gate, they suffer'd such as came without Arms, or threw them down at the Gate, to enter the City without offering them any Violence.

THEY had not kept that Post very long, when the advanced Guard of their own Infantry came to their Assistance, and soon after the gross of the right Wing, and *Adromedal* having been appris'd by an Aid du Camp from *Merobanes*, that he had the same Design to enter another Gate after *Vorolandes*, sent another Body of Horse to sustain him,

him, having drawn up the Corps *de Reserve* between the two Gates, that he might be able to send Assistance to whoever wanted it most.

VOROLANDES, altho' he had been beaten off his Horse, and somewhat bruised by the Shock he had receiv'd from *Merobanes*, yet he some Time after, mounted again, and returning to his Party, to his great Grief and Despair, met them retreating, or rather flying from the victorious *Merobanes*. He did all he could to inspire them with Courage, but having had Intelligence of the ill Success of his left Wing, and that the City was like to be lost, he turn'd his Back with a small Party of Horse to gain the Gate which was nearest to him, before he could be overtaken by *Merobanes*, whose Party was for the most part Infantry. But the Horse sent by *Adromedal* being arriv'd before *Vorolandes* had come to a Resolution, *Merobanes* putting himself at the Head of them, pursu'd the Usurper close at the Heels, and had the same Success in entering the City that the Horse from the other side had had before at the other Gate; so that *Adromedal* having Intelligence of the City's being theirs, and that *Vorolandes* had retir'd to the Citadel, which was an impregnable Place; left his Forces to follow at their Ease, and went himself to consult with *Merobanes*.

A good Part of the Forces being now in the City, the Magistrates finding that the Soldiers had not attempted to pillage or molest any House within it, came in their Formalities (having first demanded Leave of the Generals) to know their Pleasure; and to beg their Protection. The Generals receiv'd them with great Civility, and assur'd them that they did not design to injure any body, and that provided the City behav'd peaceably, there should no Violence be offer'd. The Magistrates thanking them for their Care of the City, sent their Orders for all the Citizens to be quiet, and having order'd Quarters for such of the Army as were to remain in the City, the Shops were open'd the next Day, and every Thing appear'd as peaceable as if nothing had happen'd.

AS *Vorolandes's* Retreat to the Citadel was no premeditated Thing, he had taken none with him but a small Party, and those only such as were his particular Creatures, so that many of the Lords of the Council were still in the City. *Adromedal* therefore and the other Lords of the Confederacy apply'd to them to call the Council together, which the President willingly comply'd with, and at the same Time summon'd *Adromedal*, *Merobanes*, *Beruthan*, and several of their Party, who had been Counsellors under *Hiarbes*, to assist in it; which the others did, but these three desir'd to be excus'd, because,

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as they took upon themselves the whole Guilt (if the Council should think it so) of raising the Army, they thought it more honourable to submit their Actions to the Judgment of the Council, than to be Judges in their own Cause. Besides, as they were the only Persons to whom the Secret of the Preservation of *Hyempfal*, and of his being alive, had been intrusted, and consequently that they must be the Prosecutors or *Vorolandes*, they would not put it in his Power to pretend, that he had unfair dealing by their having a Vote in his Trial.

THIS frank generous Way of proceeding convinced some, and confirm'd others of the Truth of what they alledg'd. And the Council being met, *Beruthan* (having been deputed by the others) in a handsome Speech, held forth the Reasons of their having taken up Arms for *Justice* and *Liberty*; and having given a Deduction, at large, of all that has been related in this History, of *Vorolandes's* Treason and Murder, he concluded his Speech, by charging the said *Vorolandes* (in the Name of *Hyempfal* King of *Numidia*, and in the Names of *Adromedal*, *Merobanes*, and his own) of high Treason, for his first Attempt, by *Lamedor*, against the Lives of *Mefanes* and *Fuba*, and his after perpetrating that Parricide, by Means of the Assassin *Rubeno*: for his Imprisonment of the Queen *Lomirilla*, and the Prince's *Rosalinda*, who,
upon

upon Supposition of the Death of *Hiempfal*, was his lawful Queen; and for usurping the Title of King, when he knew that the said Princess was alive. For all which Treasons, and many other Acts of tyrannical Power, contrary to the Laws of *Numidia*, he demanded Justice of the Council according to Law.

THE Council having deliberated upon the Speech of *Beruthan* in the Name of himself, and the other Lords, agreed to send a Herald to the Citadel to summon *Vorolandes* to answer to the Impeachment, which was accordingly done. But upon his refusing to appear, the Council having heard the Facts, and examin'd *Lamedor* and *Rubeno*, with the other Circumstances mention'd, proclaim'd *Vorolandes* a Traytor, and summon'd the Captain and Garrison of the Citadel, to deliver him up, under the Penalty of high Treason; and at the same Time issu'd a Proclamation of Indemnity to all within the Citadel, except *Vorolandes*, provided they deliver'd him in three Days. The Captain of the Fort consulting with the rest of the Officers then in the Castle, and finding that they must be oblig'd to surrender, for want of Provisions, in a very short Time, and having been only Friends to *Vorolandes* whilst he was in Power, which they saw him now de-vested of, agreed to comply with the Order of the Council; but when they were about to seize him, he broke from them, and in a

frantic Despair leap'd over the Wall of the Castle, and in that miserable Manner ended his wicked Life.

AFTER this the Citadel surrender'd, and the Body being taken up was brought before the Council, where it was sentenc'd to be drawn thro' the City upon a Hurdle, and afterwards to be hung up in Chains near one of the Gates of the City. As to *Rubeno* he was condemn'd to have his Quarters torn asunder, and set upon Poles, in the chief Cities of the Kingdom.

THESE Sentences being pronounced (which were afterwards executed) the Council gave publick Thanks to *Merobanes*, *Adromedal* and *Beruthan*, for their good Conduct, and pass'd an Act of Approbation of the late Insurrection under the great Seal; and in the same Manner confirm'd the Office of Admiral to *Merobanes*, that of General to *Adromedal*, and of Chancellor to *Beruthan*, during the King's Absence; and gave Commission to *Merobanes* to go, with six Men of War, to *Sicily*, or to any other Country, where the King should happen to be, in order to bring him back to his Kingdom in Peace.

L E T T E R

L E T T E R XXVIII.

SELIM at London, to MIRZA at Ispahan.

Of the Abuse of Toleration.

THERE is a Law in this Country, which gives Liberty to People of all Sects, to have the publick Exercise of their Religion (provided they take the Oaths to the Government, and renounce the *Roman Pontiff*.) Whatever was the first Design of this *Toleration*, it is, at present, made use of to *very bad* Purposes : Because, by Virtue of this Act, many wicked Folks are well diverted upon the first Day of the Week at the Booths of *Mountebanks*, or *Quack Doctors*, who taking out a Licence to play the Wag in *Religion*, set forth their Bills, the Week before, to invite all the Strollers, and itching Ears, to their Stage, against the next first Day, giving an Account, what Part of the Book of *God*, the Doctor intends to ridicule at that Time, and which of the *Musties* he designs to expose. Those Bills, printed in the publick News-papers, occasion many a hearty Laugh in the Coffee, and Alehouses, and give a Handle for many

a Joke upon *Religion*, and the Clergy, which are receiv'd with great Applause in many Places; and if any one will venture to censure the Impudence of those publick Advertisements, he runs the Hazard of being laugh'd out of the Company, or call'd a Papist, or a worse Name, for shewing his Dislike to the unlimited Toleration.

THERE is one of those *Mountebank's* Stalls, which is advertis'd every *Saturday*, with great Pomp and Solemnity. And so bare-fac'd is the *Quack*, or rather *Harlequin*, who keeps it, that with as grave a Face, as his Impudence can put on, he appears there on the first Day of the Week, in a Clergyman's Dress, and there with the impious Grimace of Prayers before it, harangues the People whom he has cheated out of a Shilling a-Piece; up Starts another *Merry-Andrew*, whom he has hir'd beforehand, and so the Doctor, and he, enter into a grave Dispute upon a Subject agreed upon between them, and kick and cuff the most serious Points in Divinity, till they have made them look ridiculous, by their handling them in that ludicrous Manner, which was all that they meant to do at first. And then the People retire to improve the Banter upon Religion, by their different Observations upon what they have heard and seen at the Booth.

I went with *Liberius* thither, some Days ago, but he was so shock'd at the Impiety of the Thing, that I could not prevail with him to stay. So that leaving them to their audacious Wickedness, we retir'd to my Lodgings: Where whilst *Zelis* was employ'd in getting Dinner, (which I prevail'd upon my Friend to take share of) we enter'd into a serious Conversation concerning those pretended religious Assemblies. I told *Liberius*, That, by his Aversion to stay at the Booth, I judg'd he was one of those violent high Fyers, who were for tolerating no Religion but their own, and were for prompting the Government, in a late Reign, to renew the Cruelties of Fire and Faggot against Dissenters of all Sorts; which I was the more surpriz'd at, because I had observ'd him to be of a merciful, mild Disposition naturally, and I thought it pity that his good Inclinations should be controll'd by a wrong Turn in Religion.

LIBERIUS smiling at what I had said, told me he was extremely pleased to find a *Persian*, and consequently a *Mahometan*, talk against Persecution for Religion, since that very Principle, in the *Alcoran*, was the very Foundation of their Religion, and their pursuing it to a Degree of *Enthusiasm* had been the only visible Cause of the Spreading *Mahomet's* Doctrine in the East. But, added he, in the same smiling Way, since

since my Friend *Selim* shews so good a Disposition towards *Christianity*, I would not have him to believe that I am turn'd *Ma-hometan*.

KNOW then, Signior *Selim*, that I am as far remov'd from all Inclination to *Persecution* as any Man living. If I were a Member of Parliament, I would not give my Vote to any Bill which should subject any Man in *England* to the Loss of Life, or Limb, Goods or Estate, for the sake of his Conscience, unless it could be fairly prov'd, that he made Conscience the Stale, and crept behind it to shoot at the Establishment, and endeavour'd to overturn that Constitution which gave him Liberty of Conscience. Let the Dissenters enjoy the Indulgence of the Legislature, in the full Extent of it to Consciences truly scrupulous: But is it to be imagin'd, or would the conscientious Dissenters themselves desire, that a Toleration granted for their Ease should be constru'd to support such vile Purposes as it is, at present, made to do? Is it agreeable to common Sense to think, that the Parliament which made that Act design'd to give a Protection, to one who had receiv'd Orders in the Church of *England*, to make Use of those Orders to banter Religion, and bully the Bishops, as he does from time to time in Print, as well as in his Booth? How loose the Act of Parliament may have been worded, perhaps

perhaps with Design to let all the Rascals take Shelter under it, I shall not determine; but I shall not be afraid of disobliging any conscientious Dissenter, by wishing that the Act of Toleration of Protestant Dissenters were so explain'd, by a subsequent Act, as not to give a Licence to Protestant Atheists, Deists, Socinians, and free Thinkers, (under the Pretence of being Enemies to popery,) to banter and ridicule all Religion. I am not sure whether the Bishop of *London* might not find a Way to chastize this rebellious Priest, or at least to degrade him from his Orders, without doing any Thing contrary to Law. But if the Law does indeed restrain a Bishop from any Coertion of Immorality in his Diocese; which I cannot believe, I wish it were otherwise; for Titles without Power are very insignificant Things. By this Time Dinner was ready, and *Liberius* to shew *Zelis* that he had lik'd her Cookery, made a hearty Meal, and the Conversation was about such ordinary Things as are generally talk'd of at Table. Soon after, *Liberius* went away.

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L E T T E R XXIX.

SELIM *at* London, *to* MIRZA *at* Ispahan.*The Numidian History continu'd.*

MEROBANES having receiv'd this Commission, gave Orders for getting six Men of War ready, for this joyful Expedition: and in the mean time the King was proclaim'd with great Pomp and Solemnity, not only in *Cirta*, but thro' all the Kingdom; and never was seen such universal Joy. Had a Stranger come to *Cirta* at that time, without knowing the Reason the People had to rejoice, he must have thought that the whole City had been possess'd with Madness, or with some very merry Spirit: For many Days together, nothing but Bonfires and Illuminations were to be seen at Nights, and Shows and Diversions, of different Sorts, all Day long; and both Days and Nights taken up in Feasts and Entertainments.

AS soon as the Ships were ready, *Mero-
banes*, with some of the chief Nobility (who
had been pitch'd upon to accompany him in
the Voyage, for the more Solemnity of it)
went aboard, and weigh'd Anchor for *Sicily*,
from

from whence *Merobanes* had receiv'd the last Accounts. But, upon their Arrival at *Syracuse*, the Admiral having sent a Gentleman a-shore, to enquire concerning his Prince and Son, of a Merchant, to whose Care all their Letters and Bills had been trusted: That Merchant, hearing of the Quality of *Merobanes*, immediately went aboard, and inform'd him, That, about five Months before that, the two young Gentlemen he enquir'd after, had left *Sicily*, in a Ship of his bound for *Naples*: That, before their Departure, they had written Letters to him, which he had dispatch'd by the first Ship going to *Numidia*, about a Month after their Departure; and since that Pacquet had not come to hand, it must have fallen into the Hands of *Gomelistes* or some of his Gang. All therefore that he could tell him of the Gentlemen, was, That they talk'd of visiting *Greece*, and had ask'd him particularly about the Kingdom of *Sicionia*, which was his native Country.

MEROBANES (having dismiss'd the Merchant, after he had treated him aboard his Ship, with great Civility) being impatient to find *Hyempsal*, directed his Course to *Naples*, and having Letters from the Merchant at *Syracuse* to his Correspondent at *Naples*, he found that the Persons he wanted, had made no Stay there, but had cross'd the Country to *Brundisium*, in order to pass the
Adriatic,

Adriatic, into *Greece*. He therefore coasted along the Kingdom of *Naples*, and having pass'd the Streights of *Messina*, cross'd the *Ionian* Sea, and came to an Anchor near the Mouth of the River *Inachus* in the Kingdom of *Sicionia*, with an Intention to go by Land to *Corinth*, where he was inform'd the King of *Sicionia* kept his Court; being persuaded that if *Hyempsal* and *Maderbal* were in the Kingdom, they would be found in the Capital City.

HE had not staid above two Days in that Station, when *Calomander*, a Nobleman of good Rank, and of an universal good Character, whose Estate lay upon the Banks of that River, sent a Gentleman to tell the Admiral, that if it would not be disagreeable, he would do himself the Honour to visit him aboard his Ship. *Merobanes* having made a suitable Return to this Civility, the next Day *Calomander* came in a handsome Barge of his own to the Mouth of the River; but finding that the Admiral had sent his Pinnace for him, he left his Barge and went aboard in *Merobanes's* Boat; where the Admiral meeting him at his Ship's Side, gave him his Hand, as soon as he came within his Reach. And, after the first Compliments usual between Persons of their Rank who know the World, he conducted *Calomander* into the State Room, where fresh Civilities pass'd between them. *Merobanes* thanking him for the

the Honour he had done him; *Calomander* said, it was his Duty, as having some Interest in that Country, and having a House near the Place, to offer him, as a Stranger, all the Service in his Power, and if he, and such of his Company as he thought fit, would do him the Honour to dine at his House the next Day, they might freely command every Thing there as their own.

MEROBANES and the other Nobles, whom he had presented to *Calomander*, having answer'd these Civilities, and accepted his kind Invitation, they enter'd into such general Conversation as is usual among Strangers. But *Merobanes* being Intent upon the main Design of his Voyage, ask'd *Calomander* how far they were from *Corinth*, and if he had been lately there? *Calomander* answer'd, that *Corinth* was two easy Days Journey from his House, and if he, or any of the Gentlemen aboard, had any Intention of going thither, he would take Care to provide Horses for them. As to himself, he said, he had retir'd to the Country for some Years past, and had little or no Correspondence at Court, altho' he had spent a good Part of his younger Years in no contemptible Offices. But having a Mind to be more at his Ease, he had beg'd Leave of the King to retire, which having obtain'd, he had liv'd, with his Family, upon his own Estate, and only con-

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vers'd with the Gentlemen of his Neighbourhood.

MEROBANES having thank'd him for his kind Offer, after he had given him as genteel a Dinner, as the Place could afford, promis'd to dine with him the next Day; and so *Calomander* taking Leave of the Admiral and the other *Numidian* Nobility, was put a-shore in *Merobanes's* Pinnace, as he had come aboard.

THE next Day *Merobanes*, with five others of the chief Nobility went to *Calomander's* House, which was a short Mile from the River's Side, and about two Miles distant from the Place where the Fleet lay. They were receiv'd by *Calomander* at their landing, and conducted to his House. As soon as they were come to the End of the Avenue, which led from the River to *Calomander's*, they admir'd the Magnificence of the House, which was built in the best *Grecian* Taste, but more to be regarded (as they soon perceiv'd) by the Neatness and Delicacy of the Inside, than for the Glory and Splendor of the Architecture. As soon as Dinner was ready, *Calomander* presented his Lady to the Strangers, who, when they had paid the Civilities, customary upon such Occasions, sat down to Dinner, where they were entertain'd agreeable to their Quality, and to the generous Hospitality of the Master of the House. Their Conversation was
very

very agreeable, because easy, and the Lady shew'd, by her handsome Manner of treating the Guests, that she corresponded well with the hospitable Inclinations of her Lord.

HAVING spent some Time at Dinner, and continu'd a-while longer, *Calomander* took them to see his Gardens, which were laid out with the greatest Propriety, and fill'd with the most agreeable Variety of Flowers and Greens, as well as stor'd with the most delicious Wall Fruit; where having spent some Hours, *Merobanes* told *Calomander*, that he must trespass upon his Civility to beg, that he would procure Horses for him and some of his Servants; for that he design'd to set out the next Day for *Corinth*, and in the mean time he would ease him of the Trouble of so many Guests, by returning to his Ships. *Calomander* obligingly told him, that both he and his Friends should be welcome to his House, as long as their Occasions should keep them in those Parts: But especially he must insist upon his staying at his House, since it was easier to go from thence, than to lose Time in coming from his Ship, the same Day he was to take Horse. *Merobanes* having thank'd him kindly for his Civility, and having told one of the Lords that he would send them an Express from *Corinth* of his Success in that Expedition, accepted *Calomander's* kind Invitation, and sending for such Things as he wanted from the Ship, re-

folv'd to take Horse next Morning. But the other Lords, being unwilling to give *Calomander* too much Trouble, took their Leave of him, much against *Calomander's* Inclination, who made them promise to make use of his House, during *Merobanes's* Absence.

AS soon as they were gone, *Calomander* taking *Merobanes* into a fair Arbour at the End of his Garden, and being seated, he spoke to him in the following Terms.

'MY Lord *Merobanes*, your courteous
'polite Behaviour, your agreeable Approba-
'tion, and honourable Acceptance of the
'small Civilities I have yet had the Honour
'to offer you, in a Place where you are al-
'together a Stranger, would have suffici-
'ently convinced me of your Quality, al-
'tho' I had not been inform'd of it; and
'therefore I think myself happy in this Oc-
'casion of doing you any small Service, and
'much honour'd in your gracious Accep-
'tance of it. And altho', to search into the
'Secrets of your Affairs, or to ask you of
'what might be improper to trust a Stran-
'ger with, would be a Piece of such imper-
'tinent Curiosity as I hope you will not be-
'lieve me capable of; yet, the noble Dispo-
'sition I perceive in you, and the Inclination
'I find in myself, to serve you to the utmost
'of my Power, give me ground to hope,
'that you will so far gratify me, as to ac-
'quaint me with the general State of your
'Country,

‘ Country, so far as is neither dishonourable
‘ for you to discover, nor prejudicial to be
‘ known abroad.’

‘ MOST noble *Calomander* (reply’d *Me-*
‘ *robanes*) there is such a Lustre in Virtue,
‘ that it can not be hid in Obscurity. Hence
‘ it is that I could not touch upon the Coast
‘ of *Sicionia*, much less converse with any,
‘ about the Banks of *Inachus*, without hear-
‘ ing of the Goodness, Liberality, and gene-
‘ rous Hospitality of the noble *Calomander*,
‘ but as great Minds are better pleas’d in be-
‘ stowing Favours than in hearing their own
‘ just Praises, I shall wave any farther Ac-
‘ knowledgment of your Civilities, to
‘ gratify you with what you desire of me,
‘ which, altho’ very disproportionable to the
‘ Merit of them, would be highly ungrate-
‘ ful in me to deny, even if I had Reason to
‘ conceal them from others. But neither is
‘ my own Share in the Affairs of *Numidia*,
‘ such as I have Reason to be asham’d to own,
‘ nor is the present State of my Country, or
‘ the Business which brought me into yours,
‘ such Secrets, that I need to be afraid to
‘ divulge, much less to impart them to you,
‘ to whose Wisdom and Honour I could
‘ safely trust Things of the greatest Impor-
‘ tance, and which requir’d the greatest Se-
‘ crecy. But if I shall not have the Plea-
‘ sure to shew the Confidence I have of you,
‘ by the Recital I am going to make to you

‘ (things having, of late, by the Favour of
 ‘ Heaven taken such a Turn, as to give a
 ‘ blessed Opportunity of discovering the
 ‘ great Secret, in which the Safety, indeed
 ‘ the Being of our Constitution lay hid) yet I
 ‘ hope (in lieu of that) to give you such Sa-
 ‘ tisfaction, as a Person of your refin’d Vir-
 ‘ tue and Love of Justice, can not fail to
 ‘ take, in hearing of the Triumph of injur’d
 ‘ Innocence, after having been long oppress’d
 ‘ by successful *Tyranny* and *Usurpation*.’ Hav-
 ‘ ing said this, *Merobanes* beginning at *Hiar-
 bes’s* Accession to the Throne of *Numidia*,
 related the History of his Life, the *Usur-
 pation* and Death of *Vorolandes*, and having
 finish’d his Story; ‘ This (added he) my
 ‘ Lord *Calomander*, is my Business in *Sicionia*,
 ‘ viz. to find out my royal Master. For this
 ‘ I came upon your Coasts, and for this I
 ‘ purpose, with your Assistance, to go to Co-
 ‘ rinth.’

SCARCELY had *Calomander* thank’d
Merobanes for the Pleasure he had given him
 by his agreeable Story, and congratulated
 with him the happy Conclusion of it, but a
 Servant came to tell *Calomander*, that there
 were a Parcel of Shepherds in the Court,
 who had brought a young Gentleman, whom
 they accus’d of a Design of stealing their
 Sheep, and with great Rudeness demanded
 Justice. *Calomander*, who was well acquaint-
 ed with their Manner, and yet knew them
 thoroughly

throughly honest, altho' not very polite, taking *Merobanes* into the Dining Room, it being near Supper-time, making an Apology for leaving him, went out to talk with the Shepherds.

AS soon as they saw *Calomander*, two or three of them began to speak at once, one accusing the Youth of having taken a white Lamb, another a brown Kid. But *Calomander* imposing Silence upon them, having survey'd the Prisoner, and finding nothing in his Aspect which denoted any Inclination to Thieving, after he had commended the Shepherds for their Care, he desired the Gentleman to tell him the Truth of the Adventure; who with a chearful Countenance thus told his Story.

‘ Most noble *Calomander*, I am a Stranger
 ‘ in *Sicionia*, but altho' my Stay in it has
 ‘ been but short, I have often heard of my
 ‘ Lord *Calomander's* Virtue, which begot in
 ‘ me an ambitious Desire to have the Ho-
 ‘ nour to be known to you, and now, such
 ‘ is my good Fortune (said he smiling) that
 ‘ I am first admitted to your Acquaintance,
 ‘ under the honest Reputation of a Sheep-
 ‘ stealer; to which Trade of Life I cannot
 ‘ tell by what Destiny I have been driven,
 ‘ being an utter Stranger to the chief Part
 ‘ of that Calling, having never learned of
 ‘ my Father the Art of Butchery. But to
 ‘ let you know how I have stumbled upon
 this

‘ this honourable Employment, I must tell
 ‘ you, that I attend a Gentleman at *Corinth*,
 ‘ who, being a Stranger in this Kingdom,
 ‘ has Occasion to send Letters abroad, and
 ‘ having heard by an Express which was sent
 ‘ to Court yesterday Morning, that there
 ‘ were some *Numidian* Ships upon this Coast,
 ‘ I was sent by him, to enquire whether I
 ‘ might hear some Account of a Gentleman
 ‘ with whom we have Correspondence in
 ‘ that Country. But having lost my Way,
 ‘ and seeing the Ships at Anchor, I resolved
 ‘ to take the nearest Road to the Sea-side,
 ‘ when I fell in among some Hedges, where
 ‘ I believe my Impatience occasioned my
 ‘ having trespassed upon some of these ho-
 ‘ nest Shepherds Grounds, by endeavouring
 ‘ to cut a Passage with my Sword, to come
 ‘ at a High-way which I saw not far off :
 ‘ This brought a Number of them about
 ‘ me. I at first gave them fair Words ; but,
 ‘ that having no Effect, and that they call’d
 ‘ me ugly Names, I was provoked to strike
 ‘ one of them with my Whip, and when
 ‘ they endeavoured to lay violent Hands
 ‘ upon me, I put my Hand to my Sword,
 ‘ (which I had put up, after I had cut the
 ‘ Hedge that hinder’d my Passage) upon
 ‘ which they retired. But one of them hav-
 ‘ ing loos’d my Horse from the Tree to
 ‘ which I had tied him, ventur’d to get up-
 ‘ on his Back ; but he was so ill instructed
 ‘ in

‘ in the Art of Horsemanship, that pulling
 ‘ the Reins a little too strongly, the Horfe
 ‘ very unmannerly rearing up, threw his new
 ‘ Rider upon the Ground. At this they
 ‘ cried out, that both Horfe and Man ought
 ‘ to be carried before my Lord *Calomander*.
 ‘ Asfoon as I heard them say so, I told them,
 ‘ that provided they would not offer me any
 ‘ other Incivility, and would take hold of the
 ‘ Bridle of my Horfe, (who was very peace-
 ‘ able when no-body was on his Back) I
 ‘ would go along with them to my Lord *Ca-*
 ‘ *lomander*. And thus, my Lord, I am
 ‘ brought before you in this reputable man-
 ‘ ner, and submit myself to your-Justice ;
 ‘ and altho’ I should have chosen to have
 ‘ had the Honour to have been introduced
 ‘ to you, in a manner more agreeable to
 ‘ you and to myself, yet I can easily for-
 ‘ give the Affront they have put upon me,
 ‘ since they have done me the Pleasure of
 ‘ giving me an Opportunity, altho’ in a very
 ‘ odd Way, of gratifying the Desire I have
 ‘ long had of being known to my Lord *Ca-*
 ‘ *lomander*.’

THE Youth having thus spoken with a
 Grace, which made *Calomander* have a good
 Opinion of his Understanding; and there
 being something in his Aspect which pleased
 him, he turned to the Shepherds, and hav-
 ing praised their Diligence, and their assist-
 ing one another in Defence of their Pro-
 perty,

perty, he bade them go home, assuring them that he would take care to chastise the young Gentleman in such a manner, as he should never give them any farther Trouble. Having dismiss'd the Shepherds, he thus address'd himself to the young Gentleman.

' SIR, altho' I do not so much as know
' your Name nor Country, yet I see some-
' thing in your Countenance and Behaviour,
' which convinces me that you were bred to
' an other Occupation, than what those rude
' Fellows have accus'd you of. And there-
' fore, if your Business is not very urgent, I
' sentence you to be my Prisoner this Night,
' and to take up with such Fare as my
' House affords, in lieu of the Lamb and
' Kid you have been disappointed of; and
' whatever your Affairs may be, in this
' Country, you may depend upon any Assist-
' ance I can give you.' Most noble *Calo-*
' *mander*, (replied the Youth) it is no small
' Satisfaction to me, that you should find,
' in me, any Signs of Virtue; and I shall
' always endeavour to improve that good
' Opinion you are pleas'd to have of me,
' and I accept what you are pleas'd to repre-
' sent as a Punishment, as an Honour I
' would have purchased at a much dearer
' Rate, than by my Scuffle with the Shep-
' herds. My Name is *Achates*, I was born
' in *Numidia*, and have the Honour to be-
' long to a noble Youth, now at *Corinth*, of
' the

' the same Country, who is called *Aristoge-*
 ' *nes*. We have travell'd for some time, to
 ' improve ourselves, by seeing the Customs
 ' and Manners of different Nations; and not
 ' having heard from our Friends in *Numidia*
 ' of a long time, and hearing that some *Nu-*
 ' *midian* Ships were arrived upon this Coast,
 ' I left *Corinth*, in hopes to find Means to
 ' transmit Letters to a Nobleman of that
 ' Country, called *Merobanes*, with whom we
 ' keep a Correspondence.'

' I am glad (said *Calomander*) that the
 ' Rudeness of the Shepherds has proved so
 ' lucky, as to give me an Opportunity, not
 ' only to be acquainted with a Gentleman
 ' for whom I have conceived a very great
 ' Esteem, but likewise to bring you to the
 ' Sight of *Merobanes*, the Admiral of *Nu-*
 ' *midia*, who is now in my House, and to
 ' whom it is Time I present you, having been
 ' detained too long from him by the Adven-
 ' ture of the Shepherds.' *Achates* was most
 agreeably surpris'd at *Calomander's* Words,
 who having obtained Leave of *Merobanes* to
 bring *Achates* to him, he was no sooner in-
 troduced, but *Merobanes* knew the true *Ma-*
derbal, under the Appearance of the feign'd
Achates. But *Achates*, altho' ravish'd with
 Joy to see his Father, yet being ignorant of
 the State of Affairs in *Numidia*, and of *Ca-*
lomander's being made acquainted with them,
 saluting *Merobanes* with great Respect, ' My
 ' Lord,

‘ Lord, (said he) I have some Matters of
 ‘ Consequence to impart to you, when you
 ‘ shall be at leisure to hear them.’ *Caloman-*
der, who was as discreet as courteous, taking
 this as a sufficient Warning to leave them
 alone, pretending some Business, quitted the
 Room, shutting the Door after him.

HE was no sooner gone, but *Acabates* fall-
 ing on his Knees, with Tears, of Joy, said,
 ‘ My dear Lord and Father, have you forgot
 ‘ your Son *Maderbal*’ At these Words,
Merobanes falling on his Neck, they em-
 brac’d one another for some Time without
 speaking one Word. But at last *Merobanes*
 recovering himself: ‘ My dear Son, said he,
 ‘ I am overjoy’d to see you; but that my Joy
 ‘ may be complete, give me News of *Hyemp-*
 ‘ *sal*. Does he live, and do well?’ The Prince
 ‘ is at *Corinth*, reply’d *Maderbal*, and it was
 ‘ by his Order that I was going towards the
 ‘ Shore to find Means of sending Letters to
 ‘ you.’ But how is it, said *Merobanes*, that
 ‘ you have chang’d your Names, which con-
 ‘ founded me?’ Such was the Prince’s Plea-
 ‘ sure, reply’d *Maderbal*, that we might be
 ‘ the more retir’d for some Reasons which he
 ‘ will communicate to you.’ That shall be
 ‘ soon, said *Merobanes*; but as I have told
 ‘ our whole Story to *Calomander*, It is not fit
 ‘ we should keep him longer ignorant of your
 ‘ being in his House.’ ‘ My Lord, reply’d
 ‘ *Maderbal*, Perhaps the Prince may not ap-
 prove

' prove of your discovering him to Strangers.
 ' His Affairs have taken such a lucky Turn
 ' in *Numidia*, said *Merobanes*, that there is
 ' now no Danger of his being discover'd any
 ' where. But whatever may be his Design
 ' of keeping himself incognito in this Coun-
 ' try, *Calomander* is too much a Man of Ho-
 ' nour to be suspected.' *Maderbal* having
 the same good Opinion of *Calomander*, they
 sent one of the Servants to desire his Com-
 pany. And as soon as he came in, *Meroba-*
nes embracing him, ' Most noble *Calomander*,
 ' said he, Heaven favours your Virtue, by
 ' making your House the happy Temple,
 ' where the supreme Powers dispence their
 ' Blessings. Here I have found my Son,
 ' and here I am bless'd with News of my
 ' Sovereign. I am indeed, reply'd *Caloman-*
der, infinitely indebted to the divine Good-
 ' ness, for the many undeserved Favours
 ' daily pour'd upon me; and I prize it as
 ' none of the least, that the secret Hand of
 ' Providence has convey'd such noble Guests
 ' under my Roof, and has so unexpectedly
 ' brought you to the Knowledge of what, by
 ' the Changes of Names, might have been
 ' difficult for you to come at. I congratu-
 ' late you most heartily for having found your
 ' Prince, and a Son, by all Appearances
 ' worthy of such a Father; and I shall think
 ' myself very happy if I can any Way con-
 ' tribute to the Satisfaction of Persons of so
 S great

‘ great Rank, and who, by what I have
 ‘ heard and seen, are less considerable for
 ‘ their Dignity, than for their Virtue.’ Whilst
Merobanes and *Achates* made suitable Returns
 to this obliging Speech of *Calomander*, a
 Servant came to tell him that Supper was
 on the Table, so that laying aside their par-
 ticular Conversation, they adjourn’d to the
 Dining Room, where they had a noble En-
 tertainment, and *Calomander’s* Lady with a-
 greeable Wit, mix’d with Civility and good
 Nature, jested with *Achates* about the new
 Trade the Shepherds had fix’d upon him, to
 which he answer’d with equal Humour and
 good Manners.

AFTER Supper, the Lady having retir’d,
 they enter’d again upon the great Affair,
Merobanes expressing his earnest Desire to
 find out his Prince, said, he would prose-
 cute his intended Journey the next Day.
Calomander told him, that the Horses were
 ready, but if it were not impertinent in him
 to give his Advice, he would dissuade him
 from that Journey. ‘ For, said he, it seems
 ‘ by the Prince’s changing his Name, and
 ‘ obliging your Son to do the same, that he
 ‘ has no Inclination to be known. But a
 ‘ Person of your Rank and Quality going to
 ‘ *Corinth*, and being seen in *Hyempsal’s* Com-
 ‘ pany, may breed Suspicion of his Great-
 ‘ ness, and that Suspicion may excite Curio-
 ‘ sity, and set busy Haeds to Work to pry

‘ into

‘into the Secret, and so make Discoveries
 ‘which *Hyempfal* might not approve.’ He
 therefore advis’d, that *Achates* should go
 back, by himself, and give the Prince an
 Account how Matters stood, and to receive
 his Commands. This Counsel was highly
 approv’d by *Achates*, and submitted to by
Merobanes. And so, *Merobanes* having told
 his Son what had pass’d in *Numidia* since
 the last Time he had seen them; as soon as
 it was day, *Achates* mounted a fresh Horse
 of *Calomander’s*, and return’d to *Corinth*,
 taking a Groom along with him.

MEROBANES being unwilling to con-
 ceal the good News he had heard from his
 Companions, desir’d *Calomander’s* Company
 aboard, which he readily agreeing to, they
 din’d in the Admiral-Ship, where *Merobanes*,
 having made a Signal for the chief Persons
 in the other Ships to come aboard him, told
 them that he had receiv’d Intelligence of
 the King, and that he hop’d, in a short
 Time, he would be with them. But having
 told the noble Men, who were aboard, the
 Truth of the Case, he, by *Calomander’s*
 Counsel, advis’d them not to be a-shore when
 the King should come to *Calomander’s* House,
 but to wait his Orders aboard.

HAVING thus concerted Matters, and
 din’d aboard the Admiral, *Calomander* in-
 vited all the Lords, and other principal Per-
 sons of the Fleet, to dine with him the next

Day. And then return'd by himself. *Merobanes* pretending Business, excus'd himself from going back with him, that he might not give any Occasion of Distaste to his Friends aboard, by his staying ashore alone. The next Day they all din'd at *Calomander's*, and thus diverted themselves sometimes aboard, and sometimes ashore, during the Absence of *Maderbal*.

WHEN the fifth Day of *Maderbal's* Journey was come, *Merobanes*, as was before concerted, went to *Calomander's* House, where, towards Evening, *Achates* arriv'd, telling *Merobanes*, that the King was at hand, with *Calomander's* Groom, but that he had sent him before, to desire *Calomander* and him, to receive him only as *Aristogenes*, and that they should be treated as Relations of *Merobanes*.

THIS Caution being given, the Prince arriv'd, and having been saluted by *Calomander* as a Stranger of Quality, and by *Merobanes* as his near Kinsman, they retir'd to *Merobanes's* Apartment, where, *Calomander* having left them (notwithstanding their desiring him to stay) *Merobanes* fell upon his Knees to his King, who embracing him in his Arms, rais'd him up, and told him, in most obliging Terms, that he found, by the Recital of the Affairs of *Numidia*, made to him by *Achates*, he had not only been oblig'd to him in his Infancy for the
saving

saving of his Life, (for which, and for his Education, he should always look upon him as his Father) but that in the latter Part of the Story, he saw the Revenge of his Brother's Murder, and of the ill Usage of his Mother and Sister, together with his own Restoration, was intirely owing to his Courage and Conduct; so that being indebted to him both for his Life and Crown, he assur'd him that he would make Ue of both to shew his Gratitude to so faithful a Counsellor, and so kind a Father.

MEROBANES charm'd with the Grace and Majesty with which the King accompanied his Words, endeavour'd by the most submissive Expressions of Loyalty, to lessen his own Merit, and to give the Praise of the Settlement of the Peace of *Numidia* to those who were join'd with him in the last Transactions. But *Hyempsal*, stopping him short, 'My dear Father, said he, do not strive to lessen the Obligations I am under to you, by extolling the Merit of others. I am not insensible of what I owe to *Adromedal*, *Berutban*, and many others of my faithful *Numidians*, whose Service I intend, and hope I shall be able to pay to their Satisfaction; but I shall never be able to acquit myself to you, to my own liking, altho' your Virtue and Modesty may put it in my Power to do it to yours. But as an Earnest of the Trust I repose in you, and

' of my Inclination to reward your uncommon Services, I intend to commit the Government of my Kingdom into your Hands, ' it being impossible for me to leave this ' Country, before I bring an Affair to a Conclusion in which I am engag'd.' But Sir, reply'd *Merobanes*, can any Affair be of such Consequence, as to make you defer taking Possession of the Kingdom of *Numidia*? ' Yes, said *Hyempsal*, in the Affair in which ' I am embark'd here, my Life is bound up, ' and it may miscarry by my withdrawing ' from this Kingdom at present; whereas my ' Crown, as it was recover'd, so it may still ' be preserv'd by your prudent Conduct, and ' good Government. But to shew you, my ' dear *Merobanes*, that it is no trifling Matter which detains me here, I must give you ' a short Account of what has past since the ' last Letters I had from you in *Sicily*, which ' I shall do at a convenient Time; but it is ' what I will, at present trust to no-body ' but to yourself, and my dear Brother *Maderbal*, who knows the very Thoughts of ' my Heart. But it is now Time to call ' *Calomander*.'

MEROBANES finding *Hyempsal* fix'd in his Purpose beg'd of him to advise with *Calomander* in this critical Juncture, and therefore he being come into the Apartment, *Hyempsal* told him, that a Matter of great Importance having happen'd to him in *Greece*, which

which made his Presence necessary there for some Time, he was resolv'd to make *Merobanes* his Vice-roy in *Numidia*, and desired his Advice how to satisfy the *Numidians*. *Calomander* finding him resolv'd, answer'd, that he thought it proper to send for the *Numidian* Noblemen to come to him, but that they should, in Publick, treat him as *Aristogenes*, and having appriz'd them of his Design, and prepar'd them for it, by such Reasons as his Majesty thought fit to acquaint them with, he should afterwards go aboard the Fleet, and there publicly deliver his Commission to *Merobanes*, but not till the Fleet was ready to sail, lest it should be reported in *Sicionia*, and so frustrate his Intention of living unknown at *Corinth*. This Advice was approv'd of, and the next Day *Merobanes* went aboard, and having in *Calomander's* Name, invited the Lords to Dinner, he gave them their Instructions, and so went a-shore with them.

HOWEVER they were charm'd at the Sight of their King, whose Person and Behaviour out-did even their Imagination, yet having received his Commands by *Merobanes*, they treated him as a private Gentleman before the Servants of *Calomander*. But when they were alone, they humbled themselves to him, and kiss'd his Hand. The King having been before acquainted by *Merobanes* of their several Merits, and Quality, received them graciously.

graciously, and spoke to each of them separately, as if he had known them a long Time. And having ask'd them several Questions about *Numidia*, and shew'd, in several Instances, that he understood the Interest of it, he told them in general, that he was about an Affair in *Greece*, which he hop'd would turn considerably to the Advantage of his own Kingdom; but as it was as yet only in *Embrio*, he could not think of going to *Numidia*, and therefore hop'd they would chearfully obey *Merobanes*, whom he design'd to appoint as his Vice-roy, till his Return, which he hop'd would not be long.

ALTHO' the Lords were surpris'd, at first, with this Proposal, yet the King spoke with such Authority, and gave such Reasons for it, that they acquiesced in his Majesty's Determination, promising a ready Obedience to his Commission, whoever bore it, and thanking him for having design'd it in so good Hands as those of *Merobanes*. After this they went to Dinner, and soon after the Lords went aboard.

LETTER XXX.

SELIM at London, to MIRZA at Ispahan.

Of Free-Masons.

THE other Day I was to see a great Procession with my Friend *Liberius*, in a great Square as large as our *Bazar* at *Ispahan*, but full of Palaces, where a great Number of Nobility reside; there were near two hundred Gentlemens Coaches attending one of the Peers of Parliament. I asked *Liberius*, what it meant. He told me they were going in solemn Procession to a publick Entertainment, as being a Society older (said he, with a Smile) than the *Original Contract*. Who are they? said I. They are, replied he, the Society of Free-Masons, who have honoured these Lords, and chief Gentlemen of the Kingdom, by receiving them into their Order; and the Lords and Gentlemen, whose Coaches you see attending in the Square, come here to do Honour to the Society, in their Turn. The Grand-Master for the Year past comes accompanied by the chief of the Society, to go along with the Grand-Master elect to a magnificent

cent Dinner, after which, the Master elect is to enter upon his Office.

I have heard, said I, a good deal of those Free-Masons, and have seen several Things, relating to their Order, handed about; and should be glad to be farther let into the Secret, if there is nothing in it that is inconsistent with Religion or Morality, and if my Friend *Liberius* knows any thing of the Mystery (which he is at Liberty to unfold) I should be much obliged to him to instruct me.

LIBERIUS stop'd me short with this Reply. Signior *Selim*, there is a Mystery in every Society, which they who are bred up in it do not care to divulge, nor is it fit they should. And by what I have heard of this ancient Society, it is the best guarded of all others, so that any Man who would pretend to divulge any of the Secrets of it to others, who have not been regularly admitted into the Fraternity, must be such a profligate Villain, as no Man of Honour can give Credit to. Hence I conclude that, as those Gentlemen who are the Directors of this Society are Men of Sense, they would not admit any into it, but such as they have Reason to believe are Men of Honour, and have Regard to the Obligations they put themselves under, with great Solemnity, at their Admission. So that if you have seen any pretended Account of any of the Myste-
ries

ries of the Society of *Free and Accepted Masons*, you may believe it is a *sham Story*, framed by some idle Fellows, who have given themselves *Airs*, to gratify the Curiosities of the Ladies, with whom they have had greater Credit, than they could pretend to have with this ancient and honourable Society. I can tell you no more, added he, but it will be worth your while to observe the Cavalcade.

AS *Liberius* had finish'd his Speech, the Procession began, which was usher'd in with Musick of different Kinds, such as Trumpets, Drums, Haut-boys, *French Horns*, &c. every one of which, well-mounted on Horseback, had his Apron, which is one of the signs of the Society. After them followed the several Members of the Society, with their several Badges, all Instruments belonging to Masonry, such as Compasses, Squares, Levels, &c. some of Gold, others of Silver, and their Aprons adorned with the different Colours of the Lodges to which they belonged. These went along in Coaches belonging to the Society, which is composed of the chief Nobility and Gentry of the Kingdom; and last of all went the Grand-Master for the Time being, together with the Grand-Master elect, both Peers of Parliament, the first, of *Scotland*, and the other, of *England*, both Men of undoubted Honour; and I can't omit to tell thee, that altho' the Grand-Master

Master for the last Year is one of the Sixteen for *Scotland*, and consequently against the Protesters and Petitioners, of which I have given thee some Account in a former Letter, my Friend *Liberius* assures me, that they all speak of him with the greatest Esteem and Regard. In this Cavalcade there were above 180 Coaches, all belonging to Noblemen, and Gentlemen, whom they distinguish from the Nobility, contrary to the Custom of other Nations.

BUT I was told of a particular Piece of History with Regard to this noble Society, which gave me a great Veneration for them, and would give me the greatest Inclination to court their Friendship, of any thing I have yet heard.

I was told that the famous *Farinelli*, who has been courted by the Grandees, Male and Female, of all Sorts, after a most extraordinary Manner, and who is indeed a Prodigy in his Profession, and *cut out* by Nature and Art to please the Ladies Ears at least, having a great Ambition to enter into this honourable Society, offered his Service to regale them with his Wind-pipe at their Entertainment. The Society sent him Word that *none was fit to be a Mason, who was not capable of carrying Stones*. How the Ladies will relish this Affront to their Favourite I don't know, but it has given me such a high Esteem for the Society, that if my Friend
Liberius,

Liberius, who is one of them, as I have Reason to believe, can get me introduced, I shall be proud to make one in such an honourable Order.

L E T T E R XXXI.

SELIM at London, to MIRZA at Ispahan.

Of King CHARLES II.

ITOLD thee lately of *Oliver Cromwell's* Government, which, by the Method he made use of to come at it, and the Measures he took to support it, thou may'st imagine became very grievous to the Nation. And indeed it was so to that Degree, that there was a general Joy at his Death, the loyal Party seeing themselves freed from the Vigilance of a cunning Pryer into their secret Cabals, and the Republicans hoping to get their *Dutch* Government establish'd, which he alone had defeated.

WHAT I wrote to thee upon the Subject of *Charles I.* and *Oliver*, was a short Summary of what I had read in *Clarendon's* History. What I am now to write is taken out of the other Histories of *England*, which were publish'd by Men of Candor and Integrity before R——'s or B——'s durst shew
T their

their Heads; and *Liberius* shew'd me a printed Letter, from a Writer of good Credit to that Right Reverend Legend-monger (in his Life-time, and above twenty Years before his History came out) telling him that he had, by Chance, seen a Part of the MS. of this History; in which he says there are several flat Lies; and challenges him to print his History, that he may have an Opportunity to prove the Truth of what he there asserts. From the other Histories therefore, and not from the Forgeries or Hear-says of these two justly exceptionable Romances, I shall give thee a short Abridgment of the Reign of *Charles II.*

KING CHARLES II. having been miraculously preserv'd in the Year 1651, and as miraculously restor'd to the Throne in 1660, was receiv'd with all the Acclamations of a People, almost out of their Wits for Joy to find the Constitution, under which they had been so long happy, restor'd, and the Nation freed from the Confusion into which the Madness of popular Schemes had thrown it. And had that injur'd Prince been as fond of arbitrary Power, as the Republican Writers would make him, he did not want Understanding and Penetration enough to have profited of the Inclinations of his first Parliament, to have given him more Power than he thought fit to ask.

NOR

NOR let the Honour of this Moderation be ascrib'd intirely to the Earl of *Clarendon*, for it is well known, that after his Banishment, 'the Earl of *S Shaftsberry*, who was 'not a Man of very strict Principles, having 'chalk'd out a Way to make the King as absolute as the *Great Mogul*, King *Charles* thro' 'a Diffidence in his Nature, and Aversion to 'Enterprizes of Hazard, *but chiefly out of a 'Principle of Generosity*, that would not permit him to make so ill a Return, to a People who had so frankly restor'd him, rejected the pernicious Advice.' *S Shaftsbury* being disgusted at this Slight 'broke Measures with the Court, and being violent in 'his Passions, and implacable in his Malice, 'he conceiv'd so mortal an Aversion to the 'King, that like a baffled Ravisher, he resolv'd to ruin that Virtue, which he could 'not debauch.*

FOR the Space of ten Years after the Restoration, *England* was as happy as any Nation could desire, if *Peace*, *Plenty* and *Liberty* can make a Nation so. And altho' the Licentiousness of the King's Morals with regard to the fair Sex (which was, in a Country where it was forbidden by the Laws of Church and State, a great Reflection upon his Character) gave too great Encouragement to his Court to follow his Example; yet

* *Bev. Higgons's View of the English History*, p. 298.

the Care he took to prefer Men of Parts and Learning, as well as of unexceptionable Piety to most of the Dignities in the Church, is a Sign that he had no ill Intentions that way, however he indulg'd himself in his favourite Vice.

THUS was the King happy in his People, and the Kingdoms in him for some Time, till the unhappy Discovery of his Brother's having been perverted to the Church of *Rome* during his Exile. This gave a real Grief and terrible Apprehensions to many loyal Subjects, from a just Abhorrence of the Influence of the Principles of it upon the Actions of such as profess it. But this Incident gave the Republican Party new Life, who were almost extinguish'd after the Restoration.

FOR some Time nothing was talk'd of but Plots, Massacres, Invasions; and if that Prostitute *Titus Oats* had been curs'd with Sense and Cunning equal to his Impudence and Malice, he had been able to have hang'd half the Nation. But he was so clearly prov'd guilty of several Perjuries, that no Man of Honour or Probity will attempt to vindicate him.

THE chief End of the Plot was to frighten the Nation against a Popish Successor, and the Matter was now thought ripe for being brought into Parliament, as accordingly it was. But the King being determin'd not to make a Law (since there was none made before)

before) to cut his Brother out of his Birth-right, was involv'd in such Inconveniencies by the Struggles of the Party to hamper him, that he was oblig'd to dissolve two Parliaments successively, one at *Westminster*, and another at *Oxford*, who would have pursu'd the same violent Methods as their Predecessors had done before, if the King's own good Sense had not got the better of them, and left them in the utmost Confusion at their being disappointed of the Game they thought they had in the Toils.

AFTER this the King govern'd with a stricter Rein, but not with arbitrary Power, assuming no more Authority than what the Law allow'd him. And the Effect of it was a ready and chearful Obedience in the Generality of the Nation.

BUT there was still a restless Faction, which wanted to get rid of the whole Race of Kings; from them came the *Rye-house Plot*, so elegantly related in a particular History by Dr. *Sprat* Bp. of *Rocheſter*. The Design was to murder the King and Duke in their Return from *New-Market*. But Providence disappointed the Plot, and discover'd some of the Authors, who own'd the Fact at their Execution; and yet there are some who have the Modesty to call it a *ſham Plot*. Having thus gotten the better of his Enemies, King *Charles* liv'd in Triumph some sixteen or eighteen Months, and then was snatch'd

away in a Fit of an Apoplexy in the 55th Year of his Age.

L E T T E R XXXII.

SELIM *at* London, *to* MIRZA *at* Ispahan.

Of the Revolution.

UPON the Demise of King *Charles II.* his Brother *James* mounted the Throne without any Opposition. But as I told thee in short,* some Moons ago, ‘ Upon the Belief of his attempting to change the Religion of the Country, the Nation took the Alarm; and the Preachers of *Non-resistance* learn’d to resist. A Revolution was thought necessary, and that Necessity produced one.’

AND now the Sticklers for Liberty tell us that the *Constitution* was chang’d, and ever since has been upon a different Foot from what it was before, and the present Family, who govern these Kingdoms with so much Wisdom, they say *can pretend to no Right but a Parliamentary one*; and ‘ that clog’d with ‘ with such Limitations, as the Parliament,

* See the 1st Volume of Letters from a *Persian*, &c.
‘ which

“ which gave them the Crown, thought fit to
 ‘ lay them under.’ If this be true, my Friend
Liberius allows it to be an *original Contract*,
 and he thinks it is the only one that can be
 produced in *England*. And the Liberty-
 men say unless ‘ the Lords and Commons, in
 ‘ Parliament, give up their Rights and Privi-
 ‘ leges (stipulated by the presented Family,
 ‘ at the Accession of any of them to the
 ‘ Throne) every Article of that Stipulation,
 ‘ and every Branch of those Privileges, is as
 ‘ much, by the present Constitution, the Na-
 ‘ tion’s Right, as the Crown is the Right of
 ‘ any of the present Family. For they are
 ‘ built upon the same Foundation, and must
 ‘ stand and fall together.’

THUS, for Instance, should any of the
 Descendants of the present King, yet unborn,
 give himself up to *Presbyterianism*, or any
 other *ism*, and endeavour to subvert the
 Church of *England*, he would, according to
 them, *ipso facto* forfeit the Crown, and let
 never so many Oaths of Allegiance be taken
 to such a King, they become *null* and *void* by
 his breaking the original Contract, by which
 alone, say they, he has a Right to be King.

SHOULD the Duke of *Saxony*, or the
 King of *Prussia*, or any other Prince invade
 the *Hanover* Dominions, in After-ages (for
 the present King’s known Courage and mili-
 tary Skill will make the boldest of them
 think twice before they run such a Hazard)
 and

and should a King of *England*, of that illustrious House, pretend (without Consent of Parliament, which can do every Thing) to send one Ship of War, or one Regiment of his Guards, to the Assistance of his *German Dominions*, in the utmost Necessity, the Captain of that Man of War, or the Colonel of that Regiment, may refuse to go upon such an Expedition; and if they should go, *without Authority of Parliament*, we are told they might, and indeed ought to be hang'd at their Return, altho' their Orders should be produced signed by the then King, and counter-sign'd by the Secretary of State. The like may be said of any of the Limitations expressly mention'd in the Act of Settlement, which they say is now the *Magna Charta* of the *Liberties of England*.

THIS, says the *Craftsman*, is the present happy Constitution of this Country, and unless the People are trick'd out of their Liberty, or that their Privileges shall be bought and sold by their own Money, they are in no Danger of ever losing them. If such a Misfortune should ever happen to them, it must be in some after Reign, when either the King shall prove a head-strong Stickler for Power, and has a round Sum of Money to purchase it, or when he has a blundering first Minister, who having, by Want of Skill, brought the Nation into Straits, must make use of the publick Money to corrupt a Majority

jority in both Houses of Parliament, to stop
 Inquiries into the Administration. But these
 are Bugbears at a vast distant Prospect. The
 Honour and Wisdom of his present Majesty,
 and the known Ability and Integrity of the
 Minister, and the indefatigable Industry and
 Management of those employ'd under him,
 together with their unusual Penetration, and
 inimitable Dexterity in working up all their
 several Allies to come into the Measures the
 Minister and his Friends think fit to lay
 down to them, must, whilst *such a King* and
such a Ministry are join'd together, make the
 Nation happy, if they are so wise as to know
 their own Happiness; and if, whilst the
 Powers of *Europe* are going together by the
 Ears, for making new Kings, the People of
England have the Sense to establish the *just*
Authority of their own King, and the true In-
dependence of both Houses of Parliament, they
 may be safe *ad futuram rei memoriam.*

L E T T E R XXXIII.

SELIM *at* London, *to* MIRZA *at* Ispahan.*Of Corruption.*

BEING t'other Day in a Coffee-house with my Friend *Liberius* we saw on the other Side of the Table a dapper Fellow reading an old News-paper, which we soon perceiv'd by his Behaviour to be a *Craftsman*; for after he had got thro' half a Column 'This *Caleb*, said he, has got a 'Name, and the D——l knows by what 'Sorcery. There are a parcel of Fools who 'cry up this Paper for writing against Corruption, that is, in other Words against 'Ministry, but they do not consider that 'what he calls Corruption is one of the greatest Advantages of our happy Constitution.' *Liberius* prick'd up his Ears at this, and turning to the Gentleman, *Pray Sir*, said he, *Let me understand you*. 'Why 'Sir, said the other, the greatest Security of 'the present Government is founded upon the 'Affections of the People, now if the present King gives more Money among his 'Subjects than ever any of his Predecessors 'did,

‘did, that must endear him the more
 ‘to them; for Liberality in a Prince is the
 ‘readiest Way to procure the People’s Af-
 ‘fection.’

SIR, said *Liberius*, I thought you were going to argue against the *Craftsman*, and in that I should have been glad to have borne my Part, for, I own to you, I have a Liking to that Paper, because upon the Subject of *Corruption*, and the Consequences naturally arising from it, I think he has written good Sense, and what I can scarce believe any Body can Answer. But where do you find in any of his Papers of *Corruption* one Word, by which the King can be brought into the Scrape. He knows, as all *England* does, that both their Majesties are good Oeconomists, and do not throw away their Money. Nor is there Occasion for giving it to bribe People’s Affection. Their own Virtues, and their known Care for the Interest and Advantage of the Kingdom, are sufficient to gain the Love of *Britain*. So that, when the *Craftsman* speaks against Vice, he never mentions either the King’s Name, nor that of the Queen’s, in the same Page; and I dare answer for him, that he would take it very ill, if any one would interpret his Meaning that Way.

NOR does he say that *Corruption* has got into the *Parliament*, or that there is either Peer or Commoner who takes Money
 for

for his Vote, but would bring an Action against any Man who says he does. But being a long-headed Fellow, he labours to put the People upon their Guard, lest some wicked Minister should arise hereafter, who would make use of the Treasury to bribe Peers and Commoners to vote for a Bill of his drawing up, or to support a Scheme of his inventing. So that, Sir, if you have any War with the *Craftsman*, you must shew that *supposing a Minister, and such a Corrupt Parliament*, that the Nation would be better for it; and that *Liberty* would be safer then, than it is now.

SIR, reply'd the other, I maintain that in such a Situation, it is a general Advantage to the Nation. For then there is not a *Freeholder*, nor a *Burgess of a Corporation in Britain*, but what has or may have a Sum of Money for his Vote, and if there are some honest Fools who refuse to take it, it is their Faults. By this Method, once in seven Years at least, and may be oftner, Money circulates thro' the Kingdom.

ANOTHER great Advantage of what you call Bribery, is, that many worthy Gentlemen, who understand the State of the Nation, altho' they have not an Inch of Land in it, nor a Farthing of Money but what they get for their Vote, might starve but for their being brought into Parliament, by Money given by Some-body. And I think Money

ney cannot be better laid out than in bringing in such as can serve their Country to the best Purpose.

YOUR Arguments are strong and conclusive, said *Liberius*, and I dont know but you may make me a Profelyte. For it is very plain, that it is a considerable Advantage to any Society, that the *publick Fund* of Money belonging to it should be apply'd by the *Treasurer* or *Cash-keeper*, to hire ten Rascals of the Society, to rob the Rest of it, that the Society's Money may *circulate* thro' the more Hands, and so be of more *extensive Use*. And that any Society must expect to be better serv'd, by such who have no Stake in it, than by those who have their all there; and that he who takes Money for his Vote, without asking any other Question than the Will, Pleasure, and Interest of the *Treasurer*, is more a Friend to the Society, than he who, having no View, but the good of the Society, foolishly prefers that to the particular Interest of the *Treasurer* or *Cash-keeper*.

BUT pray, Sir, who gives the Money to bribe those Persons to serve their Country? Is it not the Nation's Money? And is it the same Thing to the People of Estates whether they pay one Shilling in the Pound Land Tax, or five? Or when a Duty is impos'd upon the Necessaries of Life, is it the same Thing whether Bread, for Instance, is sold for a Penny a Pound or three Pence? If that be

U

your

your Logic for *Corruption* it is Time to look after you ; for I suppose by your Reasoning, that you are one of those pretty Gentlemen, who want to be brib'd into the House of Commons, to help to vote an *Excise* upon the Nation. But our upright Minister is too just, and too much a Friend to his Country to suffer such Vermin to get within those hallow'd Walls; and I hope the Nation will take such Methods as to hinder such an Attack upon their Liberties; and would sooner provide Ropes to hang such Mungrels, than Money to bribe such as you to destroy your Country.

MY Friend spoke this with such a becoming Zeal, that he receiv'd the universal Applause of the whole Coffee-house, and my Gentleman did not stay to read out the rest of his Paper, but slunk out of the Room.

L E T-

LETTER XXXIV.

SELIM at London, to MIRZA at Ispahan.

Of Justice.

AS my Friend *Liberius* and I were t'other Day walking thro' *Westminster-Hall*, the Place, as thou knowest, of Judicature, where all Causes of Civil Right are cognizable, this naturally introduced a Conversation of the Manner of Justice, as administer'd in *England*.

LIBERIUS said, that the Courts of Justice in *England*, altho' they were managed in another Manner, and by different Rules from those of the *Greeks* and *Romans*, which is commonly called the Civil Law, yet they were founded upon good Reason; and if there were but one Regulation made in them, they would be the most agreeable to a free Nation of any in the World. I asked him what that Regulation was? He said, if there were a Law made to determine the Time of every Law-suit, and to oblige the Courts to give Decrees in such a limited Term in every Cause that was brought before them.

TO shew you, said he, the Advantage of our Law, I need only tell you, that there are few Appeals from *Westminster-Hall* to the House of Lords, where the Decrees are revers'd. I do not deny, said he, but what they call the Civil Law, if duly observed, and in good Hands, is an excellent Rule. But let me tell you, that it is as liable to be abused as any other.

THERE is a Country far from this, which values itself upon administering Justice by the Standard of the Civil Law, and I cannot deny, but their Judges, time out of mind, have been famous for just Decrees in Civil Rights. But of late, a certain great Man has had the naming the Judges in that Country, and has model'd them in such a Manner, that his Will is the Standard of Justice in that once famous Bench. And I have been assured from good Hands, that there is no Process comes before the Judges there, but the Politicians can determine before-hand how it shall go. The first Question is, whether is the Plaintiff or Defendant in the Interest of the great Man? and when they have once found out that, they will, without Hesitation, tell how the Cause will go, without considering the Justice of one Side or the other. And a particular Acquaintance of mine from that Country (but to our great Comfort far removed from happy *England*) assured me, That he would forfeit
his

his Estate in it, if for some Years past, any Man could be named who has gained a Cause before the Judges, were the Merits of it ever so just, who was an Enemy to the great Man, or any one had lost a Plea, tho' never so unjust, who was recommended by him to the Judges. He added, that there were yet some as honest Judges upon that Bench, as could be shewed in any Tribunal in Christendom, but the great Man had, by his Interest at Court, got a Majority, and so carry'd every Thing his own Way; and now, said he, the Law is made a Stale to Politicks, and he who would gain a Law-suit must vote for the Person named by the great Man to represent the People at the Meeting of the States (I suppose it is in *Denmark*, or some Place about the same Latitude) and by this prudent Management the great Man has got the Majority of Members of the Diet in his Power. And, as I have been assured by several Men of Sense from those Parts, he is as absolute in the Government of those Provinces, and prescribes in as arbitrary a Manner, as our great *Sopbi*, or the Grand Signior. And when Complaints are made in the Diet, against such Proceedings, he does not trouble himself to vindicate his own Conduct, but votes the Complaint out of the Diet, and goes on.

I suppose, said I, the People of that Country do not pretend to Liberty, as you do in *England*. The Generality of the Country are almost mad at it, replied *Liberius*, but you will think there is some Magic in this Matter, to enable the great Man thus to manage Affairs, against the Interest and Inclinations of the People. But his Motto is,
Flectere si nequeo Superos, Acheronta movebo.

L E T T E R XXXV.

SELIM at London, to MIRZA at Ispahan.

Of Charity.

I AM surpris'd, my dear *Mirza*, to see the Misapplication of Charity in this great City. For besides what I told thee lately of their Encouragement to a Set of rascally Foreign Beggars in Rags, who stroll up and down the Streets, singing their Prayers, there is another Abuse of Charity not easily accounted for.

I have been informed, that *Farinelli*, whose Name and Character thou art now acquainted with, has by Contract above 1500 *l.* a Year for singing upon the Stage, (a Sum which
many

many a Foreign Prince would give all his Estate to have insured to him) besides the Presents made to him for singing in private Houses, which I am told amounts to a Revenue able to maintain a Coach and Six. And to mend the matter, this modest Nightingale must have a *Benefit* Night in the Opera, where he has Time given him to distribute his Tickets. Those Tickets are Pieces of Paper, where the Day of the Moon, and the Person's Name for whose Benefit the Opera is to be acted, are set down, together with the Opera to be performed.

THE Tickets are generally Half-guineas for the Pit, and Crowns-apiece for the Gallery (these are different Places, where the Audience sit to hear the Charmer.) But upon *Farinelli's* Night, I am told, that the Ladies and Gentlemen so generously made their Offerings to him, that instead of 200 *l.* which is all that can be made at an ordinary Performance, he clear'd 2000 *l.* others say 3000 *l.* For instead of Half-a-guinea, the ordinary Price, some gave 50, some 60, and some 100 Guineas, for one Ticket. And I was told of one Lady, who presented him with 30 Guineas in a Gold Box worth 20 more, and blushing, made an Apology to the dear Creature for offering him so little.

I had

I had just heard this, when I saw an Advertisement of a Benefit-Play for a *TRADESMAN* under *MISFORTUNES*. Sure, thought I to myself, they who gave so liberally to a Fellow, whose whole Generation, time out of mind, were never worth the twentieth Part of what he got for one Night's singing, will exert themselves to assist this poor Man, who, perhaps, by Decay of Business, Want of Health, Accidents in Dealing, or other Misfortunes, not in his Power to foresee or prevent, may have been reduced to the Necessity of procuring this Benefit; and it was a generous Thing in the Master of the House to let him have it.

I resolv'd, therefore, to go and add my Mite to help the poor Man, if the House was not so crowded that I could not get in. Going to a Coffee-house to pick up some of my Acquaintance to go along with me, I met *Liberius*, who, as soon as I made the Proposal to him, told me, that altho' he did not use to go to Plays, because few of the Comedies were fit for virtuous Ears, yet he intended to go to see the Charity of the Town. You can not doubt, said I, of their Charity after what you have heard of *Farinelli's* Benefit; ah *Selim*, said *Liberius*, How much are you mistaken in your Notions of this Town. First, *Farinelli* is a *Foreigner*, and we love *foreign Dress*, *foreign Wines*, *foreign Monkeys*, and *foreign W*—. Secondly, he

he is worth a round Sum of *English* Money, and has fine Cloths, and never goes abroad but in a Chair, or in some Lady of Quality's Coach or Chariot; and we love People that can make a Figure, pull out their Gold Watch and Snuff-box: For who could offer such a one such a Trifle as would make this poor Tradesman easy? But, which is more alluring than all that, he is an E——h, and thereby hangs a Tale. This Tradesman is an *Englishman*, is poor, always goes a-foot, has little Money, and that he works hard for; and is a plain Man. I wish he may have a good Night, but to tell you the Truth I have but little Hopes of it, from the Difficulty I have had to put off a few Pit Tickets for him, altho' I could not dispose of the third Part of what he gave me. Then it seems you know him, said I, yes, answer'd *Liberius*, I know him, and know him to be as honest a Man as any of his Profession; and that his Misfortunes are not owing to his Extravagance, for he is a sober industrious Man; one who has good Nature, Gratitude, and Compassion in the very Heart of him; and who I believe would not do a wicked Action to be rich, or to be able to make his Children go as fine as some of their less deserving Neighbours. And yet I am afraid he will make but a poor Benefit of it. Pshaw! said I, you are too rigorous a Censor of your Countrymen; let's go and see.

UPON

UPON this we went to the Play-house, But how was I surpris'd to see it so thin. I tell thee *Mirzab*, it was as empty as their Churches are on the first Day. There was not one single Person in the Boxes, which make the greatest of the Benefit. The Pit was so empty that *Liberius* who had left his Cloak for Fear of being too hot in the Crowd, often wish'd he had it to keep him from catching Cold.

I told *Liberius* I was amaz'd to see so poor an Audience, for I had often seen it fuller when there was no Benefit in the Case. *Liberius* said, the poor Tradesman had mistaken his Advertisement, he should have deliver'd his Bills, *For the Benefit of a YOUNG W— lying in of her SECOND Child to another Woman's Husband; or, for the Benefit of a MARRY'D Woman lying in of a Pox by a Lord, who had likewise a Wife of his own.* Poor Tradesman! thy Benefit will be a dear one I doubt. But, said I, he will have something by it, altho' it be but small. Yes, said he, he will yet have about 30 *l.* (if so much) and will pay 50 for the Use of the House. How, said I, for the Use of the House? I thought the Owner had given that out of Charity. No, said *Liberius*, he is to pay 50 *l.* for it. But I hope, the Proprietor, considering his Disappointment, will not exact the whole; for he is reckon'd a Man of Compassion. And I have since been told that

that he generously gave the poor Tradesman 200 Tickets for another Play to make up his Loss. As we were talking thus, a red Ribbon Knight appear'd upon the Stage, who *Liberius* told me was the Son of the first Minister. I am glad of that, said I, for he is come surely to defray the Charges of the House. Indeed, said *Liberius*, he might be prevail'd upon to do it, if rightly apply'd to; for he is a good natur'd Man, and there is Money enough in the Family. And we heard afterwards that without any Application, or so much as knowing the poor Man, that Gentleman pay'd four times the Price of the Ticket.

LETTER XXXVI.

SELIM *at* London, *to* MIRZA *at* Isfahan.

The Numidian History continu'd.

AS soon as the Lords were gone, *Hyempsal* taking *Merobanes* to the Garden (whilst *Achates* had engag'd *Calomander* at a Game at Chess) they enter'd a pleasant Summer-house, where being set, *Hyempsal* thus began.

I shall

I shall not weary you with a long Detail of *Maderbal's* Travels and mine, after we left *Mauritania*; those being little material, in respect of what has happen'd to me since my coming into this Kingdom; I shall only tell you, in a few Words, that we visited the Countries of *Corfica*, *Sardinia* and *Sicily*, in some of which we had Occasion to shew ourselves in Tilts and Turnaments; in others by Wars; in both which we had our Share of Glory. And I must do that Justice to the Merit of *Maderbal*, to declare, that I was in all our Adventures very much assisted by his active Courage, ready Wit, and faithful Counsel. But whilst we staid in *Sicily*, I got acquainted with a Gentleman, with whose Conversation I was much taken; he was a Native of *Cyprus*, but being a Soldier of Fortune, had seen several Countries, and could give a very good Account of the different Natures of the People, the several Interests of Princes, and wherein their Power and chief Strength consisted. Among other Countries, of which he gave me an Account, he spoke of this Kingdom of *Sicionia*, as a Country, where there was the justest Mean kept between *arbitrary Power* in the Prince, and *too great Licence* in the Subject, of any in the World: In that Country, said he, no Law can be made without the Concurrence of the Heads of the Clergy, the Nobility, and Representatives of the Nation, and there

there being Numbers from all Distr^{cts} of the Kingdom, they have an Opportunity not only to consult the general Interest of the Nation, in making Laws, but likewise the Exigences of particular Cities and Counties. The People are a brave People, said he, but apt to be impos'd upon; and as they are zealous for their Religion, the very Name of Danger to that, will make them undertake any thing. And they have been heretofore led into miserable Confusions, by designing Men, out of an Apprehension of a Correspondence between their King and the *Roman Patriarch*, altho' there never was a more zealous Man for the Liberties of the Church of *Sicionia*, nor a greater Enemy to the *Roman Superstition* than that Prince.

THIS *Cyprian* told me strange Things of this Kingdom, but it is not my Intention to dwell upon that Subject. He spoke to me of the Court of *Adraestes*, which gave me an Inclination to visit it; but what struck me most was, the Beauty of the Princess *Celenia*, whose Picture he shew'd me, which, altho' done for her at the Age of fourteen, so surpriz'd me, that I could not for a long Time take my Eyes from it. I ask'd him a great many Questions about her, and my Curiosity was so excited by all he said, upon that Subject, that having communicated my Design to *Maderbal*, and having resolv'd before, to leave the Army in *Sicily*, where I

was not satisfy'd of the Justice of the Quarrel, he came into the Design. I endeavour'd to purchase the Picture, but the *Cyprian* told me he had, since I saw it, given it to *Belisarius* Prince of *Sicily*, who was said to be in Love with that Princess.

LEAVING *Sicily*, therefore altho' I at first propos'd to see *Rome*, yet my Haste to see the Princess *Celenia*, determin'd our Voyage to *Naples*, having left Letters for you at *Syracuse*, which I find have miscarry'd: Crossing that Kingdom, we took Ship at *Brun-dusium*, and so landed in *Sicionia*. As soon as we left *Naples*, we chang'd our Names to *Aristogenes* and *Achates*, under which we now go at *Corinth*, where *Adrastes* King of *Sicionia* keeps his Court, and where the incomparable *Celenia* lives with her Father, she being his only Child, and consequently the Heiress of his Dominions.

WE had not been long at *Corinth*, in private Lodgings, till I found, there was greater Difficulty in seeing the Princess than I could have imagin'd, in a Country where I was inform'd the Ladies enjoy'd great Liberty. But I was told, it proceeded from a Design of stealing her away, which had only been prevented by the Honesty and Courage of the Captain of the Guard. I was told that since the Discovery of that Plot, very few are admitted to see the Princess, except upon Holy-days, when she
comes

comes to the Temple. And then she is surrounded with Guards in her Way thither; and the Gallery where she sits is so contriv'd that she is seen by no Man, but by the Priest who officiates. Having long study'd Means to satisfy my Curiosity, I at last accomplish'd it in the Manner I shall now tell you.

HARD by the City of *Corinth*, there is a little Hill, call'd *Acrocorinthus*, upon the Top of which, there was a Temple of old consecrated to *Venus*, out of the Ruins of which there is erected a Chappel, dedicated to the *Christian* Worship. At a little Distance from thence is the Fountain *Pyrene*, where the *Muses* of old, and *Christian Virgins* now, drink and bath at certain Solemnities. Near this Fountain there is a pleasant Grove, about the Middle of which is a close Arbour, the Walls of which are twist-ed Twigs and Branches of Trees. In this Arbour I was told, the Princess us'd to perform her Secret Devotions, upon a certain Day which they call *Ascension-day*, before she went to *Pyrene* to bath, after which she was to go to the Chappel; in all which Progress, it was Treason for any Man, (except the Priest, and the Guards who were drawn up round the Hill) to be seen.

HAVING learn'd these Things, from our Landlord, *Maderbal* and I went some Days before the Festival, to view the Place,

and perceiving a close Thicket on the outside of the Arbour, where I could see thro' the Boughs, I resolv'd to take up my Lodging there, the Night before, and so wait *Celenias's* coming the next Day. Having therefore, by *Maderbal's* Assistance, procur'd Shepherd's Clothes and a Sheep-hook, we went to the Place, about the Twilight the Night before, and going into the Thicket, *Maderbal* cover'd me so with Leaves and Branches, as it was not easy to discover me, and then left me.

IN this Manner did I lie that Night, waiting with Impatience the Accomplishment of my Desires, and contriving how to bring myself off, if I should be discover'd; which was, by pretending that I was a Shepherd, who having been, the Evening before, wearied in the Search of some stray Sheep, had cast myself down there to rest, not intending to stay, but had been overcome with sleep. Indeed, said *Merobanes*, interrupting him, you are qualify'd for that Trade, and had your Majesty been found, and strictly examin'd, you would, probably have prov'd such a *Shepherd*, as *Maderbal* was a *Sheep-stealer*.

HOWEVER, (said *Hyempsal*, continuing his Story,) This Disguise serv'd the End I propos'd by it. For scarce had *Phæbus* gild-ed the Top of *Acrocorinthus*, when I heard the Trumpets of *Celenia's* Guards proclaim
her

her Approach, and soon after, she came, only attended by one Lady, to the Arbour, and as soon as she enter'd, the Lady retir'd, but whither I know not, for I was so dazled at the Sight of the Princess, that I had no Thought of any other Object. At first, I imagin'd it was some Goddess, who had descended to have some Conversation with her, in that sacred Grove. The Arbour seem'd to be enlighten'd with the Splendor of her angelical Countenance; and her Eyes shot forth such radiant Beams, as were sufficient to give life wherever they were directed. I never thought that the Stars had such Influence over human Bodies, as they are said to have, till I found the Effects of her lovely Eyes upon myself.

TO give you an exact Description of her Person would take more Time, than all the rest of my Discourse. Let it suffice me to say, That her Face was so well proportion'd, that Envy itself could not find the least Particle to mend, and there was so much Majesty, temper'd with so much Sweetness, as must at once command Respect and Love. Her Stature was of the justest Mien between tall and low, but her Shape so exact, that no Sculptor could have contriv'd a Statue with truer Proportions.

SUCH, and a thousand Times more perfect did the Princess *Celenia* appear to me, which so captivated my Soul, that I did not

know whether I was awake or in a Dream, but I soon found that Cupid having taken his Stand in her lovely Eyes, had shot his golden Shaft so right at my Heart, that I was in an Instant all in a Flame. But when she fell on her Knees to her Devotion, I wonder'd what Sort of a Deity it could be, to whom she, (who look'd so like a Goddess herself) paid such Adoration. *

SHE utter'd her Prayer with such Humility and Devotion, that altho' I did not understand the Meaning of the half she said, (for I suppose she refer'd to some Tenets of the *Christian Religion*, which I am yet a Stranger to) yet I could not forbear saying *Amen*, when she did.

As soon as she had ended her Prayer, she rose from her Knees, and went out of the Arbour, leaving her Handkerchief which had unawares drop'd from her, and I perceiving it, as soon as she was gone, thrust my Sheep-hook thro' the Arbour, and pull'd it to me, believing that there was some Secret Virtue convey'd to it, by her Touch, and being glad to render some relative Worship thereby to her, whom I already ador'd in my

* Here, in the Original, there is an Orthodox Prayer inserted, fit for young Ladies; but the Translator thought fit to leave it out, lest the Beaux should think there was some Religion in the Letters, and so spoil the Sale of them, by a D — n them.

Heart,

Heart. When I got it in my Hand. I kiss'd it with great Reverence, and put it in my Breast close to my now Love-sick Heart; and have ever since kept it as a sacred Relick. With that he open'd his Bosom, and took out the Handkerchief to shew *Merobanes*; on which were wrought, (perhaps by *Celenias's* own Hand) in Silk of divers Colours, some Pictures, and Figures, which neither of them knew the Meaning of; being a Woman with a Child in her Arms, and a Glory about the Child's Head, on one Side; and, on the other, a Man nail'd to a Cross, with the same Woman standing by, together with others, weeping.

HYEMPSAL, having kiss'd the Handkerchief, which made *Merobanes* smile, and put it again in its Place, thus proceeded in his Relation.

After some time, one of her Ladies came to the Arbour as I suppos'd, to look for the Handkerchief; but not finding it, went away again, as thinking the Loss of what I accounted a Treasure, a Trifle not worth minding.

CELENIA having, according to Custom, bathed herself in the Spring, which was out of my Sight, went afterwards to the Chapel, during which Time I was confined to my Thicket, where I thought myself happier than in the stateliest Palace in Greece. But no sooner was she gone, and the Guards removed, but *Achates* came to find me out,
and

and having recounted my Adventure to him, we stroll'd about the Hill, till Night, and so with a Cloak which he had brought with him for that Purpose, I got home to my Lodgings, with my Heart and Imagination fill'd with *Celenia's* Beauty and Perfections. And my Love is so increased since, that neither Crown nor Dignity can draw me from *Sicionia*, till I can make my Love known to her. This, my dear Father, is the Loadstone which keeps me here; and upon the Success of my Love depends the Happiness or Misery of *Hyempsal*.

MEROBANES finding his Sovereign so bent upon the Accomplishment of his Desires, that it would be in vain to attempt to divert him from it, and seeing nothing in his Design but what was honourable for himself, and advantageous to his Kingdom, promised to satisfy his People of the Reasonableness of his staying abroad, for some time, and having thanked him for the Honour he designed him, in pitching upon him for his Deputy, they left the Arbour, and came back to the Chess-Players, who had just agreed to let their Game stand to another Opportunity, neither of them being able to get any considerable Advantage of the other.

AS soon as *Merobanes's* Secretary had engross'd the Commission, by which the King devolved all his Authority upon him, during
Pleasure,

Pleasure, and that every thing was ready for their Departure, *Merobanes*, *Calomander*, and *Maderbal*, accompanied *Hyempsal* aboard the Fleet, where he was received with all the Marks of Joy imaginable; and all the Officers, and many young Gentlemen Volunteers, had the Honour to kiss his Hand. After they had dined, *Hyempsal* calling the Nobles and Officers together, told them, that he was at present negotiating an Affair with some States in *Greece*, which would be much for the Interest of *Numidia*, and therefore he could not go home with them; but that he had made choice of *Merobanes*, of whose Abilities, and Affection for his Country, they were sufficiently convinced. He therefore commanded them to obey *Merobanes* as his Person, and told them, that at his Return to *Numidia*, which he hoped would be very speedily, he should think himself obliged to reward and countenance those most, who had shewed the greatest Regard to his Vice-roy during his Absence. And so having signed the Commission, to which the Seal, brought by *Merobanes* from *Numidia*, had been affixed, the King took Leave of *Merobanes*, and the other *Numidians*; and the Wind being fair, they immediately weigh'd Anchor, the King with *Calomander* and *Maderbal* coming back to *Calomander's* House in his Barge, which had only come at a Signal given to take them ashore; *Calomander* having taken Care that

none

none of his People should that Day converse with any *Numidian*, for Fear of a Discovery.

HYEMPSAL and *Maderbal* having stay'd that Night, took Horse the next Day for *Corinth*, after they had expressed their Acknowledgments to *Calomander* in the most obliging Terms.

THIS, my dear *Mirza*, is the first Part of the History of *Hyempsal* King of *Numidia*. If the *Persian* Ladies relish it, thou may'st command the Rest of it; but I shall send thee no more of it, till I hear from thee. Adieu, my dear Friend. Love thy *Selim*, as he loves *LIBERTY* and *THEE*.

The E N D.



STACK